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The Field at Home

The story of the Sisters of Service in the Home Missions

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

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The Field at Home

Volume XXXVI No. 1 January, 1960

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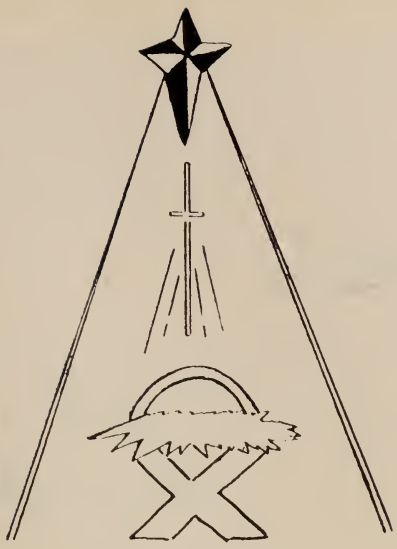
Our Cover: Sister Patricia Cooper (Owen Sound, Ont.) arranges a wall crib at the Mother House.



While all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy almighty Word, O Lord, came down from heaven from Thy royal throne.

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord: because He cometh.

†

May the peace and joy of the Christ Child fill the hearts of all our friends and remain with them forever.

Memo

from the Editor's desk

Sentimentality comes easily at Christmas. Falsely labelled by the dispensers of materialistic soothing-syrups, it can be mistaken for honest sentiment. Lulled into comfortable inertia by its soporific action, we succumb to the magic of make-believe. We kneel at the Crib to worship the lovable and approachable Babe Who is God and we fail to see the Cross which the Crib foreshadows; we see the Babe Who can be cradled in our arms, but not the Man of Sorrows in Whose bloody footprints we must follow.

If we fail to see the whole Christ — the Babe, the Man of Sorrows, the King gloriously triumphant over death, the Head of the Mystical Body which is the Church — we may miss the point of Christmas. Pope Pius XII wrote:

> " . . . the only-begotten Son of God embraced us in His infinite knowledge and undying love even before the world began. To give visible and exquisitely beautiful expression to this love, He took unto Himself . . . our human nature . . . In the Crib, on the Cross, in the unending glory of the Father, Christ has all the members of the Church present before Him and united to Him in a clearer and more loving way than a mother loves her little one clasped to her breast . . ."

Thus the glowing focal-point of Christmas, to the Christian, must be the vastness of Christ's all-embracing charity. Straining toward its realization in our own lives, we will be universal in our prayers, in our spiritual and corporal

MANY PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT AIM IN

works of mercy. Thrusting boundaries and barriers aside, we will embrace, with Christ-like charity, all the souls for whom the Babe of Bethlehem came to earth. Our birthday gift to Him could well be a self-dedication to the accomplishment of His prayer on the eve of His Sacred Passion: "That they may all be one, as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

* * *

In his maiden speech to the United Nations, External Affairs Minister Green announced that Canada will accept 100 refugees, all of whom are tubercular, from among the 25,000 refugees still in camps in Europe.

While commending this decision we echo the hope expressed by Dr. Auguste Lindt, United Nations high commissioner for refugees, that Canada's offer is only the start in a program to take in more of those who have been homeless and rejected since the Second World War.

It is heartening to know that the Government is being urged to increase our population through the encouragement of immigration to Canada. Mr. Stuart Armour, economic adviser to The Steel Company of Canada, had this to say recently:

> "The people we have received through immigration in the postwar period have brought a very considerable amount of capital into the country. They have brought at least four far greater assets — ambition, courage, skills and a real desire to work. The attributes and possessions of our so-called New Canadians have furnished much of the dynamism which has enabled Canada's progress to astound the world. Why, then, should we not welcome more of them?"

* * *

The following request has come to us from India. We hope there may be some answers to the appeal.

> "I would like to receive Catholic literature, books, leaflets, magazines, pamphlets. Even old ones will be appreciated. The need is very great to counteract Communist influence in this State of Kerala. Do give me this assistance."
>
> Very Rev. Alfredo J. Fernandez, Director,
> Catholic Information Service,
> R.C. Cathedral, Calicut 1,
> Kerala, South India.

LIFE BUT THEY NEVER PULL THE TRIGGER

Sister Saucier with two Namao little ones.

WITH the passing of the Old Year and the entrance of the New, humankind is apt to sigh with the poet, W. H. Auden,

"Well, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the tree,

Putting the decorations back into their cardboard boxes —

* * *

The Christmas Feast is already memory."

Not so for eighty active youngsters and their tinier brothers and sisters at Namao RCAF Station near Edmonton. The Christmas celebrations, spiritual and temporal, were not over yet. Children's Day, their very own day, was yet to come.

On the Sunday afternoon following New Year's Day, one side of the little chapel was occupied by expectant, bright-eyed children. On the other side, beaming parents, their arms filled with cooing babies, looked on intently. Sisters Moriarty, Saucier and Denis and the lay-catechists, Misses Irene Ruddy and Maureen Wells were not surprised to find that the ranks of their classes had swelled. Wedged between bulky parkas and teddy-bear coats were tiny pink, yellow and blue snowsuits over whom Parkas and Teddy-bear Coats cast watchful eyes.

Father V. Villeneuve, O.P., the Station Chaplain, opened Children's Day with the recitation of two decades of the Rosary. During a short talk to

Children's Day at Namao

Sister M. M. Denis

the children Father Villeneuve reminded them that this was their special day in union with the Baby Jesus. Not only were they to talk to the Divine Infant, but Jesus would talk to them also. Little heads, which automatically tend to become engrossed in other things when the priest steps into the pulpit, jerked up in surprise. The Baby Jesus would talk to them! How? As Father continued he urged them to listen very carefully and they would hear Jesus speak to them in their heart. "He often tries to talk to us but we seldom give Him a chance to say anything."

The influence of Father's words was seen during the hymn to the Infant. Reverently facing the crib the children sang "O Dear Little Children" with obvious sincerity. As they gazed upon the Infant lying on the straw their eyes beamed with recognition. The straw upon which the Infant reposed was their own; in fact, is was a part of them. All during Advent these youngsters from Grade One to Grade Seven put forth a special effort to make sacrifices in honour of the Baby Jesus. For each sacrifice they made during the week they placed a straw in a special box. When the crib was assembled before Christmas the sacrificial straws of all five classes provided a soft comfortable bed for the Infant.

On behalf of their classmates, Louise LaPlante and Peter Elieff each recited a prayer before the crib. The prayers, "Little King, So Fair and Sweet" and "Little Jesus, Wast Thou Shy", written in verse, perfectly echoed the sentiments of youthful hearts.

Led by the cross-bearer and two acolytes with lighted candles the children processed through the chapel singing "The First Noel". Again Parkas and Teddy-bear Coats were busy recovering pink, yellow and blue Snowsuits who were constantly stopping to stare back at the beautiful Infant Jesus carried by Father Villeneuve at the rear of the procession.

SHOULD REMEMBER THAT IT TURNS OVER EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

Along with the spiritual activity of making sacrifices during Advent, the children from Grade Three up were busily engaged in a more concrete project — the annual Crib Contest. Cribs, figures, scenery and background were all made by the children themselves. During Christmas Week Father and several of the Catholic RCAF officers visited the homes of the contestants to judge their efforts. It was difficult to decide upon the winners. However, on Children's Day when Father Villeneuve awarded the seven prizes, no one was hurt because each child received a miniature wayside shrine for their efforts and goodwill in helping to bring Christ back into Christmas.

Following Benediction, Parkas, Teddy-bear Coats, tiny yellow, pink and blue Snowsuits, mothers, fathers and wee babies went to the altar-rail to venerate the statue of the Infant Jesus. One Sister, while waiting her turn, saw the futile attempts of a little pink Snowsuit, age two-and-a-half, to see over the top of the altar-rail. Her sixth grade brother was heard to say, "Hey, look through here." And little pink Snowsuit stuck her wee head between the rails to watch the progress of the Baby Jesus at the other end. When her turn came, Father bent low so that even she, one of the tiniest, could kiss the Infant. A little farther down squeals of joy were heard as a nine-month-old-hand stretched out to clutch the feet of the Baby Jesus when Mommy venerated the statue.

When the children left the chapel there was another surprise for all. Father Villeneuve distributed a bag of candy to each child, "From Baby Jesus." Even the catechists were not overlooked. Thinking over the afternoon and both the spiritual and temporal joy of these youngsters, one realized what Our Lord meant when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

BAD OFFICIALS ARE ELECTED BY GOOD CITIZENS WHO DO NOT VOTE

First Person Singular

Some years ago in one of our Cariboo catechism classes I was trying to impress upon the children that Jesus loved the poor. I explained how He had chosen a poor stable for His birth-place, lived in the poor town of Nazareth and become a poor carpenter — all to show His love for the poor and lowly.

The children listened intently. At that time and in that district, poverty was rampant; even the little ones had first-hand experience of its pangs. They were all poor; all, that is, but one.

Five-year old Betty raised an anxious little face and blurted out,

"Does He love me then? I have two 'ten-cent-sus'."

Sister Irene Faye

Santa Comes to 105th Street

Sister Schmeltzer and Santa.

'Twas the week before Christmas when all through the house,
Not a creature was idle, not even a mouse.
The table was set in the front room with care
For this was the night of the girls' Christmas fare.

The girls were enthralled with the Guest Speaker's voice,
For going to Lourdes was Father Greene's choice.
Too soon did he cease and then he departed.
And now 'round the piano the carols were started.

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter
They sprang from their chairs to see what was the matter;
For into the doorway he flew like a flash —
A little fat figure and big bright red sash!

The rays from the lights of the gay Christmas tree,
Gave the sparkle of good-cheer to Santa's great glee.
He bounced in the room, so lively and quick,
They knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.

When, what to their wondering eyes should appear —
A pack on his back filled with parcels so dear.
More rapid than eagles around him they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

Now Bridget! now Margaret! now Stella and Hilda!
Here Marlene! Here Irene! Here Barbara and Una!
Not a girl was forgotten — each name did he call.
Now dash away, dash away! dash away all!

More quickly than ever he picked up his pack
And then through the door all we saw was his back.
As they drew in their heads and were turning around
Down the hallway Saint Nicholas came back with a bound.

To Sister Superior, Santa then turned,
"Dear Sister, our love and affection you've earned."
He bowed as he spoke, and there where he stood
The gift from the girls — a step-table of wood.

"Just right for the front room! Thanks Santa and all.
We will place it right here in full view of the hall."
Then she sat down beside him and this photo was snapped,
While Santa's identity held everyone rapt.

He was chubby and plump, a pillow for fat.
They laughed when they saw him in the chair as he sat.
A twist of his head, a twink of his eye
Soon gave us to know he was Wanda so sly.

His origin discovered, he bade all farewell
And ran through the hallway ringing his bell.
There we heard him exclaim, ere he danced out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all! And to all a good night."

S.O.S. Edmonton

HERE IS A TRAFFIC TIP — SLOW DOWN BEFORE YOU BECOME A STATISTIC

Along Cariboo Trails

Sister Catherine Donnelly

Taking the long winding road of sharp turns, switchbacks and steep drops, we headed toward Canoe Creek. The vast outlook across the Fraser Canyon, with the great mountain-piles of the Gang Ranch in the distance, was magnificent. Reaching Canoe Creek, Mrs. Koster, a refined English woman, was our hostess at the big, well-kept ranch house. The Kosters managed a forty-thousand-acre ranch which fed four thousand head of cattle and three hundred horses. There were one hundred cowboys on duty. Mrs. Koster served lunch, gave us a donation of money, canned goods, a subscription to **The Field at Home** and a standing invitation to visit them again when on our rounds.

We went on via Dog Creek and Alkali Lake, hoping to reach the comfortable home of a Mexican-Canadian near Spring House before dark. However, since we were late, we spent the night in the car rather than disturb our would-be hosts. Mass was offered in their house next morning. After breakfast Father McIntyre took us to visit the several families whose children we would teach.

The James Isnardy family, father, mother and nine children, gave us a hearty welcome. They lived in a small, sod-roofed house. They offered us a parking place and a supply of bread, butter, eggs, milk and water.

After a short visit to Williams Lake where Father McIntyre remained we returned to Spring House via the home where we had had Mass and breakfast. There was no sign of life there, so we parked on the range and used "canned heat" to boil water for our coffee next morning. We made arrangements with Mr. Field, the teacher at Spring House, to use the school for our classes, then camped at the edge of the woods on the Isnardy ranch. Our fire was on the ground with some sheet iron to form a stove of sorts. The next day being Sunday we drove to Mass at the Oblate Mission at 150 Mile House.

There was a short-cut, not yet used that spring, to the mission. We decided to attempt it. Our axe served us well though we were able to manoeuvre the car around most of the five trees which had fallen across the trail.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN CO-OPERATION, WATCH

A trail on the Koster ranch.

After Mass and a visit with the Sisters of the Child Jesus we found, in our car, a supply of food, our axe well-sharpened and the gas tank filled. We had Father George Forbes, O.M.I. to thank for much thoughtful kindness.

Monday we rounded up the pupils. This required a trip to the Pea-Vine Valley around the mountains towards the Fraser and skirting the river southward. We brought out children who would stay with friends and attend our religion classes starting that very day at 3.30 p.m.

Class over and some of the pupils driven home, we reached our own outdoor abode to prepare our second meal of the day. A table and two chairs with binder canvas to cover our heap of home equipment had come to us from the Isnardy house.

That night the rain pelted down. Dawn showed dripping trees and soaked fire-wood. "Just stay where you are and we'll fix a shelter for you" we heard Mrs. Isnardy call to us. A framework of poles under a tree and a spread of canvas for a roof with a hole in the ground at one corner for a fireplace and our "home" was in being.

But gasoline! We were almost out of it and between us and Williams Lake stretched miles of mud road, only partly gravelled. We started off hopefully but — suddenly, the car was off the road, the left front wheel was over a big root and a back wheel was suspended in air. An elderly man came from a nearby cabin to which Sister Faye had hurried for help. He seemed ill but most willing and generous. Branches were placed under the wheels. The root was partly chopped

Our milk-house home.

away, but, after an hour of work in the rain, the car remained stubborn.

Mr. Miller, our new-found-friend, at my request brought a shovel. I dug a hole behind the front wheel while he put gunny sacks under the hind wheel. That did the trick. The front wheel dropped into the hole, the hind wheel onto the sacks and the car swung back, into the ditch and, finally, on to the road where it belonged.

Meanwhile, Sister Faye had gone ahead on foot to seek help. I hurried to catch up with her and did so just as she had notified a garage man of our plight. Arriving at Williams Lake I shopped for food supplies and got the gasoline. Sister Faye, who was miserably wet, cold, muddy and weary, indulged in a hot bath at the home of Mrs. Lemke.

The cold rain fell persistently and everyone was jubilant. "What a wonderful rain!" "Just what is needed for the range-land!" I could understand but could not share their joy. I was shivering and wet through, my cold feet were thoroughly soaked. I was fighting self-pity and a kind of despair. A man gave me a surprised look when I said, "Its just the day to be beside a nice, hot fire."

I thought of our improvised "home". The water would have seeped through the canvas roof and would have soaked the fire-wood. Our supplies would have to be stored in the car though we would be sleeping on the car-seats. Maybe we could get dried in Isnardy's kitchen.

When I returned from shopping Sister Faye asked, "Are you going to stay in town?" As our belongings were all at our camping ground and our work must go on, I felt it our duty to go "home". But how priceless would be a shelter and a fire!

That was just what awaited us. We had a new abode prepared by those noble Isnardys. Through the cracks and holes in the ancient, rusty stove and through the openings in the thin, red, curly-edged stove pipes, the blaze sparkled and shone. As the dry fire-wood crackled and scattered its delightful fragrance, big red coals tumbled onto the damper-shelf daring us

MANY SMALL BOYS ARE JUST THE TYPE THEIR

Our axe
served us well.

to despair of getting warm and dry. Never were four walls, a roof and the remains of a dilapidated stove more keenly appreciated. We had only a mud floor but a sheep-skin had been spread for our feet. We were in the tiny log milk-house which had a good roof. The crevices in the walls were stuffed with moss.

We moved our car up beside the crooked little door which opened inward. Thus both supplies and sleeping quarters could be easily reached. It was a perfect home-coming. I felt like a queen in a palace! It was 1 a.m. when we finally made a dash into the car for the remainder of the night. We caught only a few rain-drops in passing.

The next day was a soaker. The sod roof on the Isnardy house had to be replaced by using part of a board roof off the barn. For a few hours the nine children found shelter with us. They sat perilously and restlessly in the small space between the hot stove and the door. The baby's head got the inevitable bump and he howled at regular intervals. Sister Faye, exhausted though she was, made a devoted hostess and a resourceful nurse, God bless her. I finally drove the car away to a quiet spot where she could sleep in peace. Then the children and I got to work in the cabin. We split and piled an abundant supply of wood from the beautiful B.C. fir blocks. Our cosy home was in order by bedtime and we had caught up with our religious exercises, the cooking and the housekeeping. We had made preparations for the missionary endeavours yet to come in and around Spring House.

The whole story of the Cariboo work and wanderings, the visiting of homes, the rounding-up of children and the teaching, in schools, in homes or outdoors, would fill a book. This account of our doings during May 1934, though briefly told, does indicate what can be accomplished when we adventure into the abandoned western areas. The professor in Saskatoon, with whom we began this narrative in the last issue of **The Field at Home,** did have some idea of the spirit which is the hallmark of a Sister of Service.

MOTHERS WARNED THEM NOT TO ASSOCIATE WITH

Report Writers

The Russians were the first to invent reports. They do not claim that honour but we give it to them just the same. If it was not the Russians, then it was diabolical. But you cannot blame either the Russians or the Devil for all the ramifications that have grown out of that refinement of torture called the Annual Report. The month of January is the critical month. If you live through January, your chances are a hundred to one that you finish out the year.

January is the time when pastors, who looked so benevolent and mellow during the Christmas rush, now look gaunt and harried. If you are working on a report of your own, keep away from the parish office, especially if your hand-writing is good. Matrimonial and baptismal registers are on the curé's mind and could easily fall into your hands. If you are asked, "What is Effie's last name?" you can tell that the census report is in question. The only way to treat these makers of bishop's reports is with unfailing sympathy; the words do not matter as long as you can achieve a soft, low, melodious murmur. Numerous cups of coffee help.

Then there are teachers' reports. Most teachers can add sideways and up and down but you do run into a few who cannot. Sometimes the pupils are a big help, sometimes not. Then the principal has to be called in to settle the matter. With ordinary fussing the attendance, the van driver's and the pupils' reports get done. But an irresistible force meets an immovable object when the time comes for cumulative reports! Then comes the struggle with I.Q.'s, levels, language-barriers, backgrounds, ages, physical defects and personalities. These reports also should be done in January, but there are always empty spaces in June.

The latest reports I have met with are social service or welfare reports. The writer goes into a semi-swoon with a mild expression on her face. She is lost in her own world (a shrinking world) of compulsions, hostilities, needs, experiences and committees (preferably steering). All this she must fit in with: in terms of, on-going, selec-

DON'T STOP TRYING. REMEMBER IT IS

I Have Lived With

Sister R. Hudon

tive, contribute, functions, potent problems, current trend, flexible or liquid and counselling. In this condition cups of tea **always** help. Everything ends "hopefully".

If you live in a convent there is such a thing as a Mother House report. Sometimes this involves several people. After a while you can get to know which is which by a mere glance, and you become quite skilful in dealing with them.

There is the work-report-maker. She is sure to accost you with: "You kept an account of the visits you made last Spring. Can you tell me offhand how many there were?" She knows perfectly well that if you don't answer offhand you won't answer at all. The strategy here is to open your eyes wide as if thinking, instead you guess wildly. If you can manage to look innocent, the strategy may work. The nice thing about these work-report-people is that, once they have taken you at your word, they leave you alone. There is no more checking.

The financial-report-sister is different. You cannot get rid of her until you find or manufacture a receipt or a tab. I don't know which is which, but she does. Sometimes this financial wizard has troubles of her own. She goes about muttering: "$7.83 . . . if only it were $700 short I wouldn't have any trouble finding it, but $7.83!" At that moment you have the guilty feeling that there are 17 cents in your pocket that you can't account for, so you just pretend that you don't hear. If it gets to the point where you believe she really needs sympathy, then agree vehemently and loudly with all she says, whether you understand it or not.

Without any doubt the worst report-maker of all is the keeper of the petty cash. You are expected to answer this type of question from her: "You bought $1.00 worth of tickets and used three, where are the other four?" Or, "I know the regular price is $1.50 but you got this on sale, where is the change?" And for the sake of variety, "Did you hand in your expense account?" But I know the answer to all that pother. I am now in charge of the petty cash myself.

ugee Year

O Infant Christ of Bethlehem in Whom the Passion
of the Man Christ on Calvary is both hidden and revealed,
Only Your outstretched arms are wide enough
to encircle the whole world.

May Your life in us induce the stretching of our arms —
that they may fit the needs of all poor Refugees.
That we, well-fed and comfortable, may seek the
starved and comfortless;
That we, strong in the vigour of health and security,
may reach firm hands to the weak, the ill,
the handicapped;
That we, whose human dignity is assured, may raise
our fellows from indignities which demean,
crush and devitalize.

That we, singularly blessed citizens of a free
and bounteous land, may open our gates wide
to all homeless citizens of no-country.

O Christ, Your Heart compassionates the sufferings
of the Refugees. One of your poets said,
"There is no cross found among us that His Body will not fit,
There is never a sin in us, but some wound answers it."
Help us to achieve the perfect self-giving
which will open the doors to the Kingdom of Your Compassion.

Make us generous and strong and swift to avert
from thousands of poor Refugees

"... the hour of lead
Remembered if outlived
As freezing persons recollect
The snow —
First chill, then stupor, then
The letting go."

S. J. B.

From My Corner

Sister Dorothy Daley

The most obvious thing about my corner is that it isn't a corner. Its a narrow little room sandwiched between the sewing-room and a store-room on the ground floor of St. John's Hospital, Edson. It is the laboratory. But the drama of life, with its laughter and pathos, can come into any space, however small. It comes to my little lab.

One sunny morning a young man of about twenty came to the lab for some blood work. A letter I had received from home the day before lay on the ledge and, with it, a picture of my little niece. I noticed the patient looking sadly at the picture.

"My niece's picture seems to make you sad," I said.

"She is very like my sister Elizabeth," he said with evident emotion. He looked out the window for a few minutes then told this story.

It was several years ago — on a Saturday when Mom was extra busy. She asked me to baby-sit with Elizabeth but I wanted to go out with the gang. So I was really mean to my sister. She asked me to play house. I said no and told her to keep quiet. Then I just stared out the window in a fit of sulks. I decided to read and Elizabeth climbed up on my knee, "Please David, read the pictures to me."

"No, go away," I said crossly. She cried a little then and running to the door, she said, with big tears in her eyes, "All right David, if you won't play with me I'll find another brother."

I watched her run down the street a few yards. Sure enough, there was Dougie in the big window of his home across the street. He smiled and beckoned to Elizabeth to come and play with him. She darted out. When she was halfway across she saw cars coming from three directions, she heard the squealing of brakes. That was all she heard.

I heard the jamming of brakes, too,

I saw the crowd gathering but I couldn't do a thing. A policeman came and asked for Mom. I was rushed upstairs and a neighbour cared for me.

That night I was tucked in bed as usual but I couldn't sleep. It was all my fault, but how could I tell Mom and Dad. I'd have felt better if I could have told them. I got up to listen to the folks in the living room; Mom was saying, "Elizabeth ran away from David. The neighbours saw her run out of the house and dash across the street between cars." Dad said that Elizabeth had died instantly and had not felt any pain. No one blamed me but I was full of shame and guilt.

One night a week later when Mom had finished the dishes she sat in the big chesterfield chair. I put my head on her lap and told her everything. Mom leaned her head back for a long time. Then she said, "David, I know you are really sorry for what you have done. But Elizabeth is happy, she has gone back home to heaven to Jesus. Now you tell Jesus all about it and promise that if He sends you a baby sister you will never be mean again."

Weeks and months passed. I prayed every day and asked the Sisters at our local hospital to be sure to phone Mom as soon as a baby girl came with our name on it. I was pretty young, you know. Then it happened; we got the baby sister. Her name is Carol. I have three other sisters and two brothers now, but I guess you can understand Sister, that Carol always has been and always will be first with me.

Sister Daley
at work in a ward.

S.O.S.A. Has A Birthday

The present Executive
with Sister Fitzmaurice and Sister Johnson.

On November 7th and 8th S.O.S.A. (Sisters of Service Auxiliary) celebrated the 10th anniversary of its founding. During the two-day celebrations, present and former members, some of the latter from outside the city, had every opportunity to rejoice and remember.

In the Fall of 1949 an all-girl Auxiliary, under the direction of Sister Tunney, was formed in the Montreal Club. The purpose of the Auxiliary was to help the Sisters of Service in their work, to sanctify its members and to bind together in the bonds of Christian friendship those who had some contact with the Sisters. Of the beginning of S.O.S.A. Sister Tunney writes:

"In 1947 or early 1948 we started the **Dorchester Dottings** — the first edition was only one sheet but was really dynamic in content. **Dorchester Dottings,** I believe, contributed much toward the development of S.O.S.A. However, I would not be honest in thinking of myself as founder. For without the assistance and counsel of my Superiors, Sister Black and later Sister Sheehan, nothing could have been done. True, I did work hard but it was very satisfying work and I loved every minute of it — especially in retrospect. Then too, I, like Santa Claus, had many willing helpers. God was very good to us and sent us many talented and industrious workers . . ."

Today S.O.S.A. is made up of members from all parts of the world. This is literally true. As soon as a liner

docks at the Port of Montreal the Sisters of Service are there to meet the newcomers, to introduce them to the Residential Club, if they are remaining in Montreal, and to assist them in every way possible to a fresh start in our great country. Somewhere along the way it was thought advisable to allow men to join the ranks. The present membership numbers more men than women.

Since the beginning, Club outings have been arranged; ski trips and picnics, pilgrimages and visits to places of historical or scenic interest. At the house itself there are numerous social functions. In the early days of S.O.S.A. dramatics played a big part, small productions were written by the members and staged at the Club. Later, three act plays were produced to a full house. The money raised at these entertainments was used to provide stamps for our catechetical houses in the West. Parcels were also sent to missionaries.

In the last few years attention has been focused on the Sunday night social gatherings. After bowling at the Leader Alleys the young people return to the Club for an evening of fun and entertainment. For this purpose S.O.S.A. raised money for the music and the P.A. system. The beautiful Nativity scene which was displayed outdoors last year was made by some of the male members.

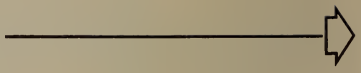
This year we had a competition for a club crest. The winning entry was designed by Lois Wallace and chosen by Sister Tunney to whom the entries were submitted. The colours are the gold and white papal colours and blue for Our Lady. The clasped hands symbolize friendship. The expanding rays represent the expansion of S.O.S.A. to all parts of the world. The globe represents the global nature of the Auxiliary in the diverse nationalities of its members. The three centre stars represent the Blessed Trinity, the other two, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Joseph, patrons of S.O.S.A. The cross from earth to heaven to the crown typifies the reward for work well done.

It was Burke who said, "The best way to spread evil in the world is for good men to do nothing." Looking back over ten years of S.O.S.A. we can see that much good has been accomplished. Today, after ten years, the Sisters of Service Auxiliary in Montreal is a strong organization which looks forward hopefully to a great future.

The enlarged crest.

YOUTH IS NOT TO INTRODUCE HIM TO ANYBODY

Go West, Young Girl



For the Home Missionary the West remains the land of "magnificent opportunities". If a young Catholic woman wishes to make her life useful, if she desires to do great things for God and His Church, we would say to her, in season and out of season, "Go West, Young Girl!"

Why lead a life of idleness, of total absorption in things that do not matter . . . when such an opportunity is at hand? Go West . . . and your youthful dreams of making your life a success will come true.

Oh! how we would like to bring this vision of our Home Mission Field to every Catholic girl. Write to us and we will tell you more about it.

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in **A Call to Service**

WHEN YOU TRY TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION

Go west or north or south or east,
Wherever souls have least
Of spiritual aid.
There where His lambs in thorns are caught,
There where His children should be taught,
There where His sick need loving care,
Not east or west or north but there,
Where greatest is the need.

— THAT'S THE IMPRESSION YOU MAKE

Perpetual Help Mission Club

January is the month in which it is well to renew our resolutions. Just take a quick glance back at 1959 — how faithful were you to the six Hail Marys for the Missions of the Church all over the world and for an increase of priests, brothers and sisters? I came across something St. Francis of Assisi said about the **Hail Mary.** I thought I would pass it along to you as an encouragement to be faithful to those prayers for the Missions and for vocations. This is what St. Francis said:

"When I say 'Hail Mary', the heavens smile, the angels rejoice, the world exults, hell trembles, the devil flies."

I believe those words should be a real spur urging you on to say your Hail Marys and to say them with fervour and devotion.

* * *

DID THE ANGELS SING FOR YOU ?

The night when Christ was born, the angels sang in the heavens, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

Did the angels sing when you were born:

Because they knew that someday you would do Christ's work as a religious teacher, nurse, catechist or social worker?

Jesus, did the angels really sing in Heaven when I was born? If they did, O Lord, direct my footsteps and guide my heart. Help me to reach that goal.

* * *

Jesus, tell me what to do,
When my childhood days are through;
Whisper Thou to my poor heart,
And Thy plans to me impart;
Though I am yet young and weak,
Still I will Thy counsel keep;
Say the word and I will be,
Jesus, what You ask of me.

* * *

Sometimes we hear that young people are glad to pray that someone else will obtain the grace of a religious or priestly vocation — but, they're afraid to pray for themselves. They're

afraid they'll discover that they themselves have a vocation and will have to give up all the things they like so much. Afraid to make sacrifices! THINK for a minute. Is that the spirit which urged famous missionaries like St. John de Brebeuf, St. Isaac Jogues, Blessed Marguerite Bourgeoys, Blessed Mother D'Youville and Mother Cabrini to go about doing good in our America? Is that the way our soldier boys felt when they went out to fight the enemy in the last war? Don't let anyone tell you differently. Canadians and Americans, and that includes YOU, can and do make great sacrifices when they are called upon to do so.

Adapted from S.S.V. Notes.

* * *

Letters keep coming in to us from Mission Club members bringing much interesting news. We have our first members from Manitoba now and are happy to welcome that Province into the Club. There is only one Canadian Province still unrepresented in our membership. In the United States we have members in California, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio.

Many of the girls have Pen Pals in the Mission Club. We have tried to pair the pen pals in such a way that all of them are writing to girls who live in a different Province or State than themselves.

We offer our congratulations to two former mission Club members:

Mona Martin of Pembroke, Ont., who entered the novitiate of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Pembroke.

Kathleen Narraway of Eganville, Ont., who won a scholarship to St. Patrick's College in Ottawa.

SISTERS OF SERVICE - 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

Dear Sisters:

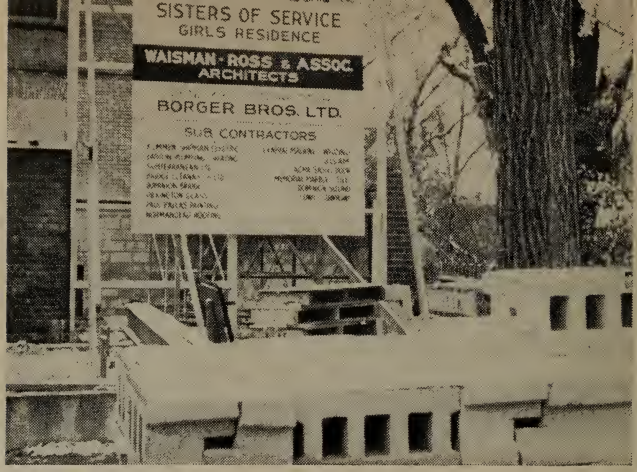
I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... Province .....

A SMART MAN PICKS HIS FRIENDS WISELY — NOT TO PIECES



Construction in Winnipeg

In mid-July work was begun on an addition to the Sisters of Service Girls' Residence in Winnipeg. Right Reverend Monsignor J. E. Cahill, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, presided at the groundbreaking. The L-shaped addition, which extends across the front of the present residence and down the side, will be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the New Year and will provide accommodation for approximately 50 girls.

The Sisters in Winnipeg are singularly fortunate in the calibre of the members of their Advisory Board. Nothing has daunted the generosity of these men who have given unstintingly of their time, experience and very considerable talents in the planning and carrying out of this building venture.

Just recently a Women's Auxiliary has been formed. The members appear determined not to be outdone by the men on the Advisory Board. The ladies are assisting the Sisters with the purchasing and making of furnishings for the new residence. A linen shower was sponsored by the Auxiliary on November 22.

What with rain, mud, plaster and good plain dirt the Winnipeg Sisters have been having a time but their collective sense of humour seems to be keeping pace. Sister Sheehan writes: "The picture window in the living room was removed several messes back and replaced by concrete block which let in quite a draught. We covered it with a drape which was barely wide enough. One of the carpenters was insulating so I suggested that it would be nice if he could insulate this particular section. Well, my friend got enthusiastic about the job and pulled down all the loose plaster then tastefully arranged our little drape in the middle of a plasterless wall. Now we have three drapes covering the wall so we are specializing in changing decor. Where the front door was we have more jagged plaster, a section of insulating material which advertises the company that makes it and the piano backed against all this. It gives a lovely effect. At least people pause and say, 'You're making some changes?' "

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS TO HAVE UP YOUR SLEEVE IS A FUNNY BONE

Letter from Manning

A side-view
of the new convent.

Dear Sister Editor,

From the first ring of the bell in September, Rosary School, like all its counterparts, is a hive of busy-ness. Each year seems to bring, along with new faces, new subjects to teach and new activities to plan and supervise.

One innovation this year was a Fall Track Meet. All the paraphernalia relevant to the event appeared in no time at all. Everyone was enthusiastic, even the weatherman — until the day of the Meet, that is — then he sent snow. But weather and participants finally got together and Rosary pupils did well. They won several events and placed second and third in others.

Our big news, of course, is the new convent. It was started last May. The men of the parish rallied around our pastor, Reverend Father J. Herman, O.M.I., who was determined to build a home for us. On the day the cement was poured for the basement Father had 27 men on the job. Practically all the labour has been donated by Father and the men of the parish. During harvesting the men could not help, so Father carried on alone. He has worked so hard on the building without any thought of sparing himself. Each day after school we hurry home to check progress. The C.W.L. plan a housewarming Tea on December 8th. It would be difficult to express our gratitude to Father and the people who have given so generously of time, labour and supplies for the sake of the Sisters.

Our next letter will tell you all about the finished product. But for now — a merry, merry Christmas and a happy, holy New Year to you and to all the readers of **The Field at Home.**

Your Sisters in Manning.

A MAN PICKS A WIFE THE SAME WAY AN APPLE PICKS A FARMER

Dear Sisters

THERE'S MANY A REASON

I'm sorry I don't no the lesson call something to do. Will you please show me how to do it. Yours truly, Diana

I am sorry for senting the letter to late. Daddy went to town one day and forgot it. Then he went the next day and forgot it. I was getting mad. But I wated the next day he did not go. So I wated till next week, and he went but I was in skool, so I could not remind him. It keeped on and on. One day I said to daddy you petter mail it and daddy did so. I love you. Love

Ruth

I received your note on Friday asking me why you haven't received any lessons from Dennis and I. We filled out our lessons and sent them to you. Either they were lost on the way you or the lessons you sent us got lost. I finished lessons No. 7 and No. 8. I sent them to you but never received any since. We like doing them very much and would like very much to continue doing them. We'll be looking forward to getting the lessons again. Sincerely yours,

Dennis and James

We are busy now. Putting garden in and seeding. We are very sorry we delayed our lessons. The dollar we sent you you could do whatever you want it. Your pupils,

Solveig and Jennie

Received your letter inquiring what had happened to my lessons lately. I am very sorry to have caused you this inconvenience as I should have written, but the truth is, I lost them and could not find them anywhere.

I do not know what lessons I lost so I hope you will be able to find out without too much trouble and continue sending them to me.

The lessons have been a great help to me in my life and if you do as much good for everyone as you have done for me you should feel very happy and rewarded. God bless you. Shirley

OF MANY THINGS

Please find enclosed the assignments of the two younger children. The others live with their Grandmother to help her. They will mail their lessons shortly but you may send all the next lessons in one envelope.

These are not as neat as they should be. It is the harvesting season and I could not supervise the children enough.

I wish I had known about these courses before. We live 20 miles from the nearest parish church and 8 miles from the mission where there is Mass once a month — and — we have no car.

God bless you, Sisters. Thank you very much. Remember us in your prayers please and we'll do the same for you.

Mrs. K.

THERE'S QUITE A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

Yes I do want more lessons. I do like them very much. They are not hard. I am glad that I get A. I wish you an happy New Year. And my God bless you.

Marie

I changed my mind. I'll take the lessons. Try my best to do these lessons good. Yours truly,

"Mr." Edward

We would like to join the catechism club. would you please send four of them. There names are Loretta, Adrian, Sharon and Beatrice. Would you please send us the catechism book along too. If it cost something write and tell me. I'll send the money in when we sent our lessons in we'll sent the money along. Thank you,

Loretta

I am home from school with the flu today. Dolores is in the hospital with pleurisy. We miss her very much. Please say a prayer for her to be well soon. Rita got her first tooth yesterday she is seven months. Sincerely,

Connie

I'm very glad to study my catechism in this way for there are no Catholic schools around here. I think I shall study with much interest. I'm very grateful to you and Father B. for sending me lessons by mail. With this letter I'm sending you twenty-five cents for the beautiful catechism. Once again thank you very much for your trouble. Sincerely,

John

MORALE BOOSTERS

Some years ago I took lessons from you. Now I have a daughter who is 8 years old and I would like to enroll her in your course. She is in Grade 3, her name is Vera.

I learned a lot from the work you good sisters are doing and I know she will too. God bless you.

Jimmy

Just a note to let you know our wee bundle from heaven arrived safe and well. We call her Regina. Little Brenda hasn't seen her sister yet but I imagine she will be quite happy with her.

There was a chance of complications at her birth but all went well and we have much to be thankful for. I believe it was St. Gerard who helped us through. I received the medals, booklet and also the nice crucifix you sent a few months ago. It was a very nice souvenir of my lessons from you.

Thank you very much for praying for us in the past months. I am sure it is only prayer that made all go so well. Sincerely,

Helen

It has been my intention for some time to say thank you for sending Peter his instructions. You are certainly doing wonderful work and it is much appreciated in districts where we have no Catholic school. I would very much like to have lessons for Ann. She is 6 and has just started school. I am enclosing a small donation to help your work. Please remember us in your prayers. Sincerely, Mrs. F.

I am writing to let you know that our children will not be taking lessons any more. We are happy because our prayers to St. Philomena have been answered. The children are now going to a Catholic school.

St. Philomena was introduced to us by my brother who is in St. Joseph's Seminary in Edmonton. He took most of his catechism lessons from the Sisters of Service. Please pray for him.

I want to thank you Sisters for sending the children lessons until now. Thank you also for all the years my brother and I took the lessons. I feel we owe much to you Sisters. We can never repay you for what you gave us — a solid Catholic background. May Our Lord bless your good work more and more. Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W.

I'd like to thank you very much for this service you have. I didn't know about it until Father D. told me. I've always felt sorry we couldn't get the children to a Catholic school — I went to one and know what its like — but we live ten miles from town so its impossible. Could Karen, who is five, get lessons. She is as bright as Linda and has been saying her prayers for a couple of years. Linda gets quite provoked — if she is slow in answering her catechism when I question her, Karen gives the answer. Thank you again, Sisters. Sincerely,

Mrs. J.

KEEPING YOUR CHIN UP AND STICKING IT OUT

S.O.S.-ogram

The Apostolic Delegate chats informally with compatriots.

Halifax: When His Excellency, Archbishop Baggio, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada visited Halifax in October his itinerary included a call at the S.O.S. Residential Club where he met 140 New Canadians of Italian origin. It was a gesture of paternal kindness by Archbishop Berry and Father J. M. Hayes who arranged the visit, and the Apostolic Delegate whose gracious informality delighted his compatriots. The unrehearsed highlight of the afternoon occurred when 8 year old Rocco, born in Italy but now completely Canadianized, unceremoniously offered His Excellency a stick of chewing gum. With perfect courtesy and commendable gravity Archbishop Baggio accepted the gift.

Edmonton: S.O.S. Club girls realize in a very practical way that the true happiness of Christmas consists in giving, not getting. A few years ago they inaugurated what is now an annual custom at 105th St. Instead of drawing names among themselves for gifts, some of the girls draw the name of a poor child whom they adopt for Christmas. Others contribute toward a large hamper of food for a needy family. At the annual pre-Christmas dinner the girls place their gifts and food by the manger of the Christ Child for those who share His poverty in a very real way.

* * *

Regina: The sisters at the Religious Correspondence School in Regina are enjoying the best in music — classical, popular and religious — thanks to many good friends in Holy Rosary parish. These friends gave the sisters a Hi-Fi record player, two records and a $50.00 gift certificate for records of the sisters' own choice. The gift, which was presented at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Galvin, has given a great deal of pleasure to the sisters who are sincerely appreciative of the kindness.

* * *

Rycroft: Last Spring the Knights of the Altar and the Sodality started a project the aim of which is to place a statue of Our Lady in every home

in the parish. There are 105 families; only five or six have statues of 12 or more inches in height, a few have 3 or 4 inch statues. The children sacrificed their baby-sitting and errand money to buy 22 statues. They are continuing the project through this school year. Any reader who would like to share in this effort of the Rycroft young people may send a contribution to us or to the **Sisters of Service, Box 280, Rycroft, Alta.**

* * *

Toronto: Catechists rarely suffer from inflated egos as Sister Cooper discovered on the Sunday before Thanksgiving. She had started her catechism lesson by discussing the real meaning of Thanksgiving with the children. Some fifteen minutes later the subject before the class was the reason for our being. Sister asked a question. David, who had seemed particularly intent on the lesson, raised his hand. He was given the floor. "Sister," said David, "my mommy says the vewy best thing for turkey is cwanbewwies."

* * *

Edson: David and Ricky were patients in the children's ward; one with a fractured arm, the other with a finger all but chopped off. Both were lonesome and wanted something to do. Sister installed them in a corner of the office where they threaded the necklaces which are used as identification safeguards on the newborns. At one point during their running conversation Sister heard the following:

David: "Do you know my sister, Ricky?"

Ricky: "No."

David: "Man Alive! I'll have to show her to you."

* * *

Vancouver: Snow in Vancouver is news — and fun. When the weatherman obliged with the authentic article last December the girls at the S.O.S. Club were quick to take advantage of it. Pictured with their snowman are, back row, left to right: Lauraine Mullery, Marrylands, Australia; Jacquie Whitford, Edmonton, Alberta; Eileen Kennelly, Hamilton, New Zealand. Front row, Edith Fillis Richter, Lenz Donau, Austria; JoElla O'Brien and Frances Haskett both of Port Credit, Ont.

— WORKING SIDE BY SIDE YET SEPARATED BY A TONGUE

Daily Dozen for 1960

One . . . A little patience at least once

Two . . . A minute of unselfishness

Three . . . A kind word . . . or two or three

Four . . . A bit of self-control

Five . . . A flash of generosity

Six . . . . A prompt excuse for . . . someone else

Seven . . . A noble thought . . . for someone else . . .

Eight . . . A good deed . . . not left undone

Nine . . . A brief prayer . . . for a friend in trouble

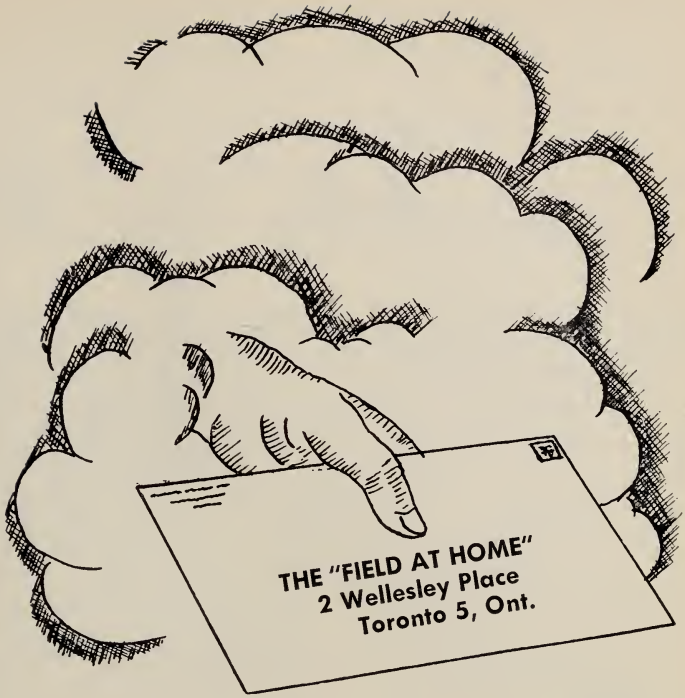
Ten . . . . A moment of thankfulness . . . for blessings enjoyed

Eleven . . . A kindly smile . . . where it may brighten another

Twelve. . . A snatch of song . . . or hum of a tune

AUTOMOBILES DO NOT RUN DOWN HALF AS MANY PEOPLE AS GOSSIP DOES

A Letter?



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The Field at Home

The story of the Sisters of Service in the Home Missions

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

VOLUME XXXVI APRIL, 1960 No. 2

The Field at Home

Volume XXXVI No. 2 April 1960

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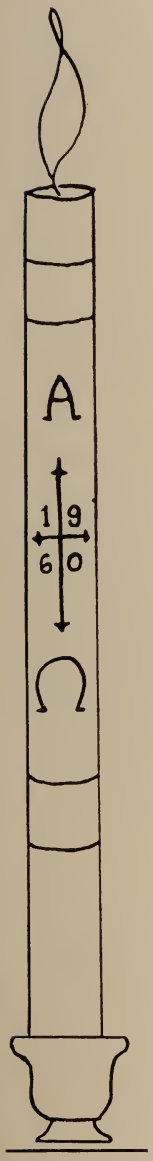
Our Cover: Sister Florence Kelly, (Chepstow, Ont.) and Sister Josephine Dulaska, (Rochester, Alta.) in the Catholic Port Workers booth in Halifax.



Let Our Earth Be Glad

Now this is that Paschal festival in which the true Lamb is sacrificed . . . This is the night in which Christ the conqueror broke the chains of death, and rose triumphant from the grave.

For nothing it availeth us to have been born, save that we were born to be redeemed.

O wondrous depth of thy loving-kindness to us!

O priceless favour of thy love! To save the life of a slave, thou didst deliver up to death thine only Son!

O surely, most needful that sin of Adam, since it was to blot it out that Christ died!

O happy that fault which won for us so loving, so mighty a Saviour!

And happy too this night chosen from all others to be witness, in age and hour appointed, of the glory of Christ rising from the dead. It is of this night that it was written: And the night shall shine as the day; and again: The night shall be my light in my pleasures. Wherefore, this hallowed night putteth guilt to flight, washeth sin away, to the fallen giveth back their innocency, and to mourners the joy that had departed. Discord it banisheth; good-will it ensureth; the pride of evil it humbleth in the dust.

Wherefore, O Lord, we humbly beseech Thee to prosper with quiet times ourselves thy servants . . . and all thy people . . . through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord.

Easter Vigil Liturgy

Memo

from the Editor's desk

World Refugee Year

World Refugee Year is more than two-thirds over. We are happy that the 100 tubercular refugees and their families already accepted by this country are adjusting well to our Canadian way of life. We are equally pleased that our Government has announced its intention to bring a further, unspecified number of tubercular refugees to Canada. We trust that this will not be a paltry gesture but that it will compare favourably with the decision of the Australian Government to accept 6000 refugees. The Catholic Press and some of our leading daily papers have consistently urged that both Federal and Provincial Governments adopt a definite and practical programme which will pave the way for private initiative in the resettling of the world's homeless. Catholic Immigration Services, one of the four major recognized religious bodies concerned with immigration, has endeavoured to arouse interest in and concern for the refugees.

Interested concern on the part of the Canadian people is the answer to the refugee problem. Governments will listen to the voice of the people. Let us pray hard and work equally hard that Christian Canada will turn a welcoming and compassionate face toward these unfortunate people and will echo the words of our Blessed Lord, "Come to me . . . you who are heavily burdened . . . and you shall find rest.'

The Family Communion Crusade

Children never forget the lessons they saw their parents **live.** For this reason we heartily recommend **The Family Communion Crusade** to our reader's attention and practice.

The Crusade's aim is to bring sanctity into the family through Family

YOU CANNOT HURT A SMILE BY CRACKING ONE.

Communion and imitation of the Holy Family. It lays important stress on the value of parental example to growing and grown children. But more importantly, it brings into focus the incomparable strength in the family circle of **family union through family communion.** Its basic premise is that no human power can equal the unifying sacramental grace of Family Communion in curing family life of what ails it today. We feel this is a great step in the right direction because it tackles our modern family problems from the inside.

For information write: The Family Communion Crusade, Barre, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Christian Family Apostolate

In an address to a P.T.A. group in Pembroke last February, Reverend Peter A. Nearing, new director of the social action department of the Canadian Catholic Conference, urged an intensive study of the proceedings of the Social Life Conference on the Christian Family Apostolate. Two national conferences on this theme were promoted last year by the Canadian Catholic Conference, one English, one French; the printed proceedings of both are now available. We quote from Father Nearing: "It is well worth our while to seek the truth on so basic a topic as family life, since it will enable us to choose the right road to success in our own family life."

Parents and teachers may think of themselves as "building up the kind of Canadian Catholic family that serves as a living model for other families, at home and in foreign countries.

". . . much knowledge, much understanding, much study is required, as well as much self-sacrifice in the wise, loving, prudent use of this knowledge.

"We in Canada have much more than good wheat to export. We have and we shall have in increasing abundance, that far more precious product. Christian family life. It is ours to develop and to share."

Intellectual Aid to Missionaries

The following letter was sent to us from St. Joseph's Scholasticate of the Oblate Fathers in Ottawa where **Intellectual Aid to Missionaries** was born twenty-seven years ago. We think the letter speaks for itself. We hope it will speak to some of our readers.

"Maybe it was coincidence, maybe it was my guardian angel, but this morning I had used for meditation that saying of Our Lord that it is not by bread alone that man lives, but by the word of God. Your parcel of books arrived just after I returned to the Mission from saying Mass. And I wanted to write to you and to those hundreds of people whose "middle-man" you are, those people who gave you the means to send me that parcel.

"Sure, the financial needs of the missions are great. We need money to build chapels, to pay catechists, and to do the other thousands of things in the building up of the Body of Christ. We need money for medical supplies to reduce the pain and the disease among these rejected brothers of Christ.

"But we need books and all those things that you have grouped under the heading of Intellectual Aid. Books

for our catechists, books for our teachers, books for our students. Books, books, books. We have to keep our minds fresh with the teachings of the Church, with the truths of God as they come to us in those quiet messengers of grace.

"I wish I could speak to all our people "back home" to let them know how great are our needs and how grateful we are to them for helping. Keep up the wonderful work."

Father Green

This is a most worthy cause. Religious books, text-books for school or college, novels that helped you love God a little more, any kind of **good** books are gladly and gratefully accepted by:

Intellectual Aid to Missionaries,
St. Joseph Scholasticate,
Oblate Avenue,
Ottawa, Ontario.

The world is made up of two kinds of people, negative thinkers and positive thinkers; those who think failure and those who think success. Negative thinkers are afraid to venture anything for fear "something might happen." The person who, confronted with a problem, runs to someone else with it because he "might make a mistake," the stay-at-homes, the do-nothings, the crabs, the nervous wrecks, the failures, these are negative thinkers. The positive thinkers are happier, more alive, more active, more adventuresome. They get things done. They make mistakes, they're bound to. But as long as their batting average is within reason, as long as what they do makes sense, they're more often applauded than criticized. And they don't waste their time worrying.

Anon.

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST OF US IN

AT HEADQUARTERS

"Be still and know that I am God." With this text as the theme of his opening conference, Revered Martin Foley, C.Ss.R., opened the annual January retreat at the Novitiate. In his conferences and meditations, Father Foley urged the sisters to a prayerful, careful scrutiny of the blueprint of Christian perfection as it is to be attained in the religious state. "I Have Come to Serve" is the motto of the Sisters of Service. When the eight days of retreat were over, the retreatants returned to their normal routine strong in their resolve not only to serve but, above all, to serve with joy.

On the evening of February 1, Reverend E. J. Dowling, S.J., presided at the simple ceremony of Reception which was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Miss Anita Hartman, Manning, Alberta, and Miss Kathleen Harkin, Montreal, Quebec, received the Holy Habit.

On February 2, following the High Mass offered by Father Dowling, Reverend Clayton Kramer, C.Ss.R., presided at the Profession ceremony. Sister Marilyn Gillespie, Bowsman, Manitoba, made her First Vows. Sister Mary Sawchuk, St. Boniface, Manitoba, renewed her vows and Sister Jeanette Kinch, Tignish, P.E.I. made Perpetual Vows.

Reverend Martin Foley, C.Ss.R. and Reverend James Farrell, C.Ss.R. were present for the ceremony.

On February 2 Sister Anna McNally in Montreal and Sister Frances Coffey in Rycroft renewed their Vows. In Vancouver Sister Rose Jolicoeur celebrated her Silver Jubilee of Profession.

TRYING TIMES IS THAT WE QUIT TRYING.

Our congratulations to:

Silver Jubilarian

Sister Rose Jolicoeur, Blind River, Ontario. Sister Jolicoeur is a graduate of the School of Nursing of St. Joseph's General Hospital in Sudbury. The greater part of Sister Jolicoeur's religious life has been spent in the S.O.S. hospitals in Edson and Vilna, Alberta. In recent years Sister has been stationed in Montreal and in Vancouver where she is at present.

Finally Professed

Sister Jeanette Kinch, Tignish, P.E.I. Following her First Profession Sister Kinch was stationed, briefly, in Winnipeg. She then went to Edson, Alberta where she was on the office staff of St. John's Hospital. From Edson Sister went to the Religious Correspondence School in Edmonton. For the past two years Sister Kinch has been secretary of Our Lady's Hospital, Vilna.

First Profession

Sister Marilyn Gillespie, Bowsman, Manitoba. Sister Gillespie has been assigned to the S.O.S. mission in Camp Morton, Man.

New Novices

Sister Kathleen Harkin, Montreal, Quebec, and **Sister Anita Hartman,** Manning, Alberta.

WHAT SOME OF US NEED IS MORE HORSE

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

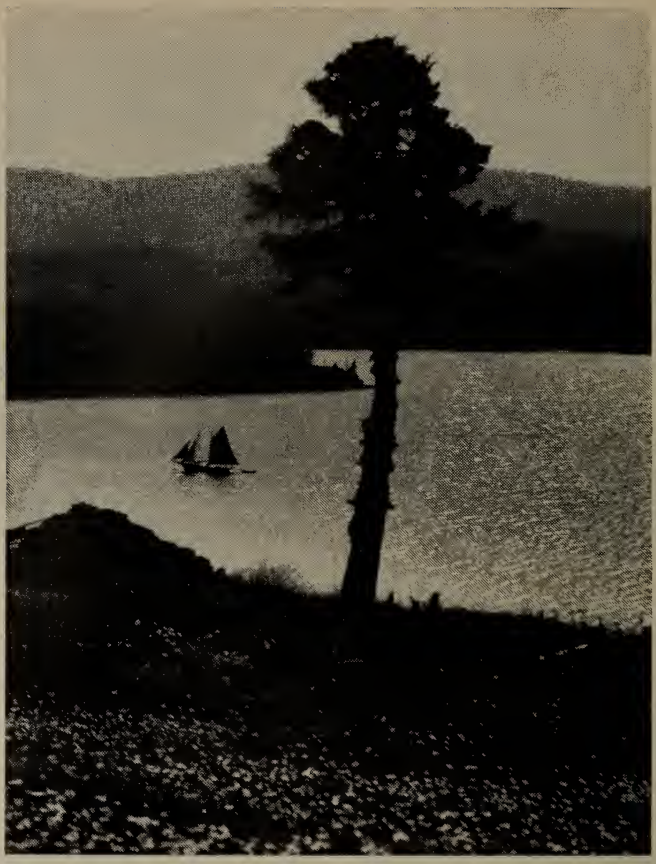
Age, in many ways, is a very positive thing. However, when you try to evaluate someone's age, it becomes very relative. To the upper age bracket everyone seems young; to the lower age bracket, everyone seems old. It's when one is in the middle age bracket that evaluation is most relative, depending on whether the one evaluating is in the U.A. bracket or the L.A. bracket.

Why all this philosophizing about age? The relativity of this touchy subject was forcibly brought home to me by our brand-new postulant. The scene was a joyous feast-day breakfast following eight days of retreat. S.O.S. were there from east and west, from north and south. Most of them had not seen each other for many years. There were four in particular, about half-way down the long table, who were united for the first time since their novitiate days—twenty years ago. These sisters did not consider themselves old at all. Twenty years was a drop in the bucket. Why, life begins at 40! To make the reunion complete their former Novice Mistress was also present. Peals of laughter rang out from this happy group following the frequent, "Do you remember . . .?"

Our young postulant had a bird's-eye view of everything. Silently she eyed the group of five up and down, noted the traces of graying hair, their maturity of bearing, grand sense of humour and evaluated them accordingly. Very seriously she turned to me and said, "Isn't it wonderful to be able to **keep** that way!"

Sister M. M. Denis

POWER AND NOT SO MUCH EXHAUST.



A view of the Bras D'Or Lakes

A Backward Glance

Sister Mary MacDougall

My last year of formal education was spent in a one-room country high-school, with all the advantages and disadvantages thereof. The time was 1927, the place one of the beauty spots of Cape Breton on the shores of the Bras D'Or Lakes. Cape Breton is much like the highlands of Scotland both as to scenery and population. In my home parish were two hundred families of Scottish descent with a "Mac" in front of every name but one — the Farrells; but they had been living among us for so long that they were accounted as good Scots as the next one.

This particular high-school, being somewhat of an experiment, lasted only for that year. Our school room was a parish hall and Grades 9 to 12

EVERYTHING IN THE MODERN HOME IS

were taught. Due to the temporary nature of things in general our school activities were limited. In fact we didn't do much of anything, except study. In those good old days there wasn't such a thing as, for example, "dropping Math"— a phrase heard alarmingly often nowadays. Latin and French were required subjects — at least if they weren't we had never heard of it so we thought there was nothing to do but learn them.

Although we groaned over Caesar's wars and the adventures of Aeneas we found time for plenty of fun— and what fun it was! We had no movies, no radio and no television. No doubt the children of this enlightened age would consider us with pity but we didn't need such props. We made our own fun, the fun of doing things ourselves rather than sitting around like vegetables and having them done for us. There was music, song and drama in every home in our neighbourhood. The talents were untrained, of course, but the effect was very heart-warming and inspiring. In my own home were musical instruments, an organ, two violins and (later on when the brothers started earning money) drum and traps. All this made for a jolly little orchestra. My cousins, living two houses away, were the vocalists, singing both in English and in Gaelic and sometimes a timid excursion into French folk-songs such as "Frere Jacques" and "Cadet Rousselle."

The idle rich are supposed to finish their meals with coffee in the drawing room; we finished ours with music in the living room. Although we had not as yet studied either music or psychology, we knew in some mysterious way that music had an effect on people that was exceedingly good. Every day of our lives we sang the Scottish folksongs and danced the dances we loved —there is a whole world of history and tradition and romance in such things. Radio, television and knowing all about the atomic bomb is a poor substitute for the untold wealth that is contained in literature and music.

There was much incidental and painless learning in such homes as mine. My parents were readers and we had a very good library where Poe, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, John Boyle O'Reilly and Josephus established their own democracy. Then there were the Catholic Encyclopedia and the Britannica in their own bookcases. We used to say that we had cut our teeth on the one and learned our music on the other, for when the organ stool went out of order and refused to twirl to a better height, we simply used one or two of the Encyclopedias to help us to a good sitting position at the organ.

In my first paragraph I mentioned the disadvantages of that last year of my school life—one was rather serious. I was the eldest of five children and we had lost our mother a few years previously. As we were all going to school that year and had no housekeeper, life was rather hectic at times but we didn't let it bother us. Reading "The Gold Bug" or practising "The Reel of Tulloch" was more fascinating than doing the dishes or the dusting so we just walked away from them and through the looking glass, like Alice.

Come June, we all passed our grades, not 'summa cum laude' nor 'magna cum laude' but (as my father said) 'mirabile dictu'.

CONTROLLED BY SWITCHES EXCEPT THE CHILDREN

Breaking the Language Barrier

Sister O. Pawloski

Who has seen and not understood some small boy with his nose pressed white against a bakeshop window, or a little girl beside a window display of dolls? "Oh, if only I had one," is voiced by their intent expressions. To children with their candid manner and simple desires, language presents no barriers. It is only with the ensuing years that language barriers become problems.

Language difficulties harass the youngster bent over his grammar assignment as well as the grey-haired patient whose native tongue is not English. As in many of life's problems where a solution is not forthcoming, a reasonable compromise is ever welcome.

Here at Our Lady's Hospital in Vilna, where many of our older patients speak little or no English, the Sisters are forced to such compromise. It is not unusual to hear Sister Donnelly, who speaks only English, having an old-fashioned visit with Mrs. K., who speaks only Ukrainian. In true pioneer spirit they cross the language-barrier. The resulting conversation, if translated, would run something like this:

"Hello, Mrs. K. How are you feeling today?"

"Oh, Sister, you must be working nights. I have not seen you around all day."

"Yes, it is much warmer out today."

"You will have to give me a sleeping pill and one for my headache. It has been bothering me all day."

THE ONLY THING THAT IMPROVES WITH

Sister Donnelly and Mrs. K.

"Did you say you want to get out of bed? No. Oh, you will feel better by tomorrow."

An awkward conversation, perhaps, but satisfying to the patient who appreciates a personal interest.

To cope with this problem it was decided that we make an effort to learn Ukrainian. In a regular do-it-yourself fashion we began. Sister Superior started the project by buying a Ukrainian Primary Reader and Grammar. Despite my limited knowledge of Ukrainian I boldly offered to help the less learned. At the same time I planned to learn to read and write the language. After counting the applications for the venture we had a total of one pupil and a fraction of a teacher. Class time was decided upon and one lesson taken.

I hesitate to divulge my teaching technique because I soon learned that my pupil was packing her trunk and leaving for the other side of the country. Am I glad that the Cameron report on education had already been published as I fear it might have had even greater repercussions!

As for learning Cree, thus far no attempts have been made. Common knowledge of it stands at an average of 3-5 words and one sentence, namely, "I want to go home." Past experience urges me to use my spare time trying out the new paint box Santa left last Christmas.

ANGER IS THE ARCH ON A CAT'S BACK.

The Editor Wonders — Psychic? Subtle?

I am an editor—and a religious. I have a Vow of Poverty, therefore I have no money of my own. That makes life very simple—except sometimes, when something like this happens. A letter comes to my desk. It is signed by a son of the great St. Alphonsus. The letter addresses me as a dear friend, it thanks me for the devoted (?) way in which I have supported the work of these same sons of the great St. Alphonsus. (It's exactly 22 years since I've contributed so much as a dime to them or their works.)

Then comes the scarey part—the writer is psychic or the seventh son of a seventh son or something. He thanks me for the stamps I have so generously contributed. I, as an individual, have never contributed a single stamp and he must know that. Stamps are sent to them from the Sisters of Service. But, how could he know about the way I clutter my desk with odd-shaped bits of paper bearing every cancelled stamp that comes to said desk? How could he know that occasionally the sight of them gives rise to a frenetic urge and I wildly push them into the waste-paper basket? Only remorse always sets in before the wretched basket gets emptied and I start fishing out the miserable little oblongs and squares and triangles from the debris.

There is only one answer. This son of the great St. Alphonsus is both psychic and subtle. If, way off in Windsor, he can see what I am doing in my little corner of Toronto, then I'm not going to contradict him. Not me. I'll just humour him. So, dear readers, please send your cancelled stamps and ask your friends to send theirs to:

HOLY REDEEMER COLLEGE,
925 Cousineau Road, West,
Windsor, Ont.

You'll be helping the Redemptorists at home and on their Japanese mission. Our Mother of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus will reward your generosity.

HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS EARLY

From correcting lessons

in a

Religious Correspondence School

to shovelling snow in a rural parish

is one way of

Making the Weekends Hum

Sister M. Murphy

Making the weekends hum

Train time, 5:15 Monday morning! All Aboard for Regina!

It was dark with just a faint streak of dawn. Marian, the housekeeper, Sparkie, the Rectory mascot and I waited for the headlight that heralds the smooth approach of the Diesel-drawn train. We watched as the dark blue night clouds gave way to tinted lavender; as the autumn gold of the trees began to glow in the rapidly changing light. Even the drabbest of farm buildings were touched with the gorgeous rainbow of a new day. I climbed aboard the train with another week-end of oral catechizing completed and a new week of catechism by correspondence ahead.

Yesterday, the Feast of Christ the King, had brought to an end these eight week-ends of preparation for the Confirmation of 70 youngsters. The feast was appropriate indeed for these new soldiers of Christ. Each Saturday and Sunday had been strenuous days for pupils and teacher. When the great day had come at last the children were in a flutter of excitement as they formed in procession. They were full of eager anxiety to pass the Archbishop's examination.

We hope the events surrounding this confirmation day were a sign of God's pleasure and the Devil's displeasure, for we were really plagued by trying circumstances. The Archbishop was due to arrive at 6.30 on Saturday. At 5 p.m. the lights went out all over town. Result? Pitch blackness, no heat, no stove, no dinner. Consternation set in as the minute-hand ticked away with not even a flicker of light to give us hope. Finally it was decided to make tracks, with the full dinner, to homes that had coal and wood stoves burning brightly. The roast was deposited at one home, the pots of vegetables at another, all this in a drizzle of rain that added to the general misery. We settled down then with candles and flashlights to await the Archbishop's arrival.

At 6:45 His Grace drove in. He found the town in complete blackout, the parish priest and the housekeeper off in the car collecting the various items on the evening's menu, while holding the fort at the rectory was a welcoming committee composed of Sparkie, the Sister-catechist, me, and a lone flashlight. With the help of candles and a good old kerosene lamp dinner was finally served. Then the lights flickered on, off, on and gradually steadied to a bright glow in which the rectory, once again, assumed its modern look.

Our troubles, though, were far from ended. The good Lord permitting, the Devil himself seemed to be throwing every possible obstacle into the smooth running of last-minute preparations for Confirmation. We awoke on Sunday morning to cloudy skies, a cold drizzle after an all night rain and already muddy roads liquefied to an impassable goo. For farmers living on side roads this could be tragically disappointing. But they were undaunted. In they came with horses and tractors pulling the useless cars. And **in** they came to a sparkling, newly-waxed church. The gumbo meant nothing to the 25 young members of Christ's

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN KNOWING WHO DID IT.

We all did our share of shovelling

army who formed in procession to escort their Bishop into church. What's a bit of mud when a most wonderful Sacrament is to be received — and wasn't this really professing their faith?

So the Mass began with the children participating fully as they alternated Latin prayers and responses with the Archbishop. This was indeed a great tribute to the zeal of their pastor and of "Miss Marian" who had put in many hours of practice with them. Soon the questioning of a gracious and kindly Archbishop put them completely at their ease; the cold and misery of the road were forgotten.

But that was just a good beginning for the responsible adults. There were 45 waiting for Confirmation at the mission church five miles away. At 2 p.m. it was snowing for all the world as if it were Christmas Eve. It was one of those blowing, drifting storms which cut visibility to nil. Would the people get through to the church? Nobody ventured a guess, we just prayed that no youngster would suffer the bitter disappointment of being stranded. They did make it, all 45 of them, though the last one arrived just as the procession was forming. Everything proceeded smoothly as if the raging elements did not exist. Another Mass, another series of questions by the Archbishop and we breathed a sigh of relief and a fervent Deo Gratias that 70 more perfect Christians and Soldiers of Jesus Christ have been enlisted in His army.

DON'T LET YESTERDAY USE UP TOO MUCH OF TODAY.

South of the Border
in Fargo

The Place Whe

Our convent small on a humble street
Has a park where the children love
to meet.
And when school is out
You can hear them shout,
An army glad, as they race about.
With sled from home
They boldly come.
They tramp the hill till it's brown and
bare.
And the passers-by
With a careful eye
Keep watch for the snow-balls flying
there.

Now, many a house on this Ninth
Street South
Has a yard as big and has snow a
deep —
What a lovely sight
Is the snow so bright?
But it does not invite to a snow-bal
fight.
So the children go
To a yard they know
Where the sisters won't tap on the
window and say:
"Get out of here
And go over there.
Don't you know this is no place fo
you to play?"

Children Meet

Sister M. Haut,
With Apologies to Edgar A. Guest

There is always a house on every street
That is known as the place where children meet.
You can pick it out
As you walk about.
For it's there that the youngsters laugh and shout;
And the hills are bare
And the toys are there,
And the boughs bend down where the lads have swung,
And the bark is nicked
Where their feet have kicked.
A fallen birdhouse tells of a snow-ball flung.

And we think as we look down our humble street,
Let ours be the house where the children meet.
Let ours be the place
Where they romp and race,
Where we open the door with a smiling face.
Let this army tramp
In our yard, and camp
So long as they will. They will soon be men.
Other sisters will greet
Other children who meet
In our little park, on our humble street.

Back to Christian Island

Sister Anna Coughlin

"So you're going back to Christian Island. How nice! You'll have a good rest and a year's holiday by the lake. Wish I could go with you."

With these words ringing in my ears I returned to the scene of my former labours. I was happy, indeed, to be teaching the Indians again, but I knew, from past experience, that the good rest and the year's holidays come to a missionary only in the next world.

Upon arrival I was informed that arrangements had been made for me to teach the four senior grades. I would hold forth in a temporary classroom in the basement of the Council Hall

Watching the building go up.

MOST PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT AIM IN LIFE.

Orval McCue, Rev. O. Labelle, S.J., Lionel Monague and Sister Coughlin after blessing of new school.

in order to relieve the overcrowding in Sister MacLellan's room. With the Government truck at my disposal and all the children to lend willing hands, we managed to move school desks and supplies to our new quarters. By dint of working far into the night everything was ready for school opening on Monday morning.

Would the holiday come now? Hardly, with scores of requisition forms to be filled out as soon as possible. All this, of course, after school hours.

No sooner were we settled in the hall than word came that the carpenter would begin work on the new school on November 13. That meant a whole new set of requisitions to be sent, post-haste, to Ottawa, so that the furniture could be shipped to us before freeze-up. All this was on top of the November examinations and report cards plus practice for the Christmas concert. By this time I was beginning to wonder if we would be able to take Christmas holidays let alone a whole year's vacation.

The arrival of the Inspector started another ball rolling. Noticing our crowded living quarters—three sisters occupying rooms originally intended for one teacher—he decided that a new teacherage was absolutely essential. Consequently, before the new school had been completed, work was begun on a prefabricated residence for the sisters. While Sister MacMillan served hot coffee and lunches to the half-frozen men, Sister MacLellan and I used our limited free time to make up more requisitions. This time our need was for furniture and equipment for the residence.

We are now in the new school but the restful holiday has not yet materialized. Our modern building lends itself admirably to meetings of every description — C.Y.O., St. Theresa's Club, choir practice, Bingo and Socials, to mention only a few. All these meetings are directed by the sisters.

Because of unfavourable weather, the residence is not yet finished, but we hope to move in the very near future. Perhaps the rest and the holiday will come then—but, I doubt it. Who wants them anyway?

THEY JUST NEVER PULL THE TRIGGER.

Newfoundland

Potpourri

Sister Edna Deland

Whenever the words, "An article, please, for **The Field at Home,"** are directed toward me, I am attacked by the conviction that I am utterly illiterate. Articles are bad enough — titles are completely beyond me. My last effort to appear in print had the unlovely caption, "Stuck in the Mud." I was never sure whether Sister Editor referred to the article or to the author or both.

Anyway, bygones are bygones, so here I go again. It seems to me that there are some items in our lives in Newfoundland that are worthy of appearing in print. I shall count on Sister Editor's indulgence and give a "potpourri" of events; perhaps she will shuffle them, sift them out a bit and make something coherent of the "ensemble."

I shall start with Cecile Roulet, a seventeen-year-old from St. Pierre et Miquelon, who lived with us two years ago while taking a course in English. She returned to St. John's last July for a month's holiday. Just a few days before her scheduled return home she developed a severe case of polio. For three weeks she was in an iron lung in the "Fever", which is the Newfoundland term for Isolation Hospital. Later she was transferred to the orthopaedic division of the St. John's General hospital.

Cecile's parents, beside themselves with grief, came to St. John's as soon as they received word of her illness. After two weary weeks of waiting without seeing her, Mr. Roulet felt obliged to return to his work. We were fortunate in having accommodation for Mrs. Roulet who was greatly in need of sympathy and understanding. She received both from everyone in the house, but especially from Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament Whom she visited many times daily in our little chapel.

In October a group of "St. Pierrais", including His Excellency Bishop Raymond Martin, C.S.Sp., Prefect-Apostolic of St. Pierre et Miquelon and Cecile's Dad, chartered a plane and came over to visit their little patient. We had the privilege of having His Excellency offer Holy Mass in our chapel. All the visitors from St. Pierre attended including the four girls from there who are living with us this year.

The French have a laudable custom of celebrating their name day when

Suzanne and Andriee Lebailly from St. Pierre visit Cecile at the hospital.

they generally assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion. As Cecile's mother was returning home on Cecile's name day, November 22, Sister Bryden anticipated by sending a beautifully decorated cake to the hospital the day before the feast. There is seldom a day slips by but some goodies from Sister Bryden's "cuisine" are taken over by either sisters or girls. At this writing, Cecile is still in the hospital.

At the annual Mass offered for the intentions of the Sisters of Service Auxiliary in the Basilica, His Grace Archbishop Skinner, who offered the Holy Sacrifice, spoke briefly to the group. He stressed the need of vocations to the Sisters of Service if our work in Newfoundland is to continue and develop. His Grace asked the members of the Auxiliary to pray fervently for an increase of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life and to encourage their children to generously respond to the invitation of Christ and thus contribute to the reign of Christ upon earth.

Our Auxiliary members, God bless them, continue to increase in both numbers and good works. Mrs. J. L. Coleman is the president this year replacing Mrs. B. Norris. Mrs. Coleman and her Executive got off to a successful start if we are to judge by the response to their first effort—the annual Membership Tea which was held here at the Residence.

Our girls are active too. They have studied the Mass with a view to a better understanding of the Holy Sacrifice and also with a view to their more active participation in the Dialogue Mass. They have taken the University of Ottawa vocational guidance course, **Your Life and You.** As the course progressed interesting and helpful talks on some of the lessons were given by Reverend Fathers Conroy, McHugh and O'Deady, C.Ss.R. The girls' activity is not all mental though. They have four bowling teams this year. They "roll" every Tuesday evening at Memorial University Bowling alley and on Wednesdays about twenty of them take swimming lessons at the King George V Institute.

I'm all out of breath with this burst of news-giving. God love and bless all our readers, especially the ones who are still with me.

BECAUSE BY THAT TIME YOU'RE OFF IT.

Most graciously and courteously
my Lord accepts each act of mine,
however small.
Maybe I teach or nurse or help the immigrants,
maybe I cook and wash up dishes — no matter what —
He accepts all,
as long as all is done for love of Him.

PREJUDICE IS A GREAT TIME SAVER. IT ENABLES YOU

I Serve

Life is a great battle-field where the Christian has to win his spurs in the service of the King of Kings, his Heavenly Father. "I serve" is his motto. The more closely he lives up to this unselfish ideal the more he realizes the wish of the Master: "The greatest among you shall be the servant of all."

But no one can say more truly "I serve" than a soul wholly consecrated to a missionary endeavour. For to establish the Kingdom of our Father on earth, to bring the Church to destitute souls living on the very fringe of our country, to give to children the benefit of her teaching and to the poor and to the sick the charity of her ministrations — is the highest form of Christian service.

The missionary soul receives for its self-sacrifice a hundredfold in return. Have we not as a guarantee the words of the Master: "If any man minister to me let him follow me; where I am there also shall my minister be. If any man ministers to me, him will my Father honour."

G. Daly, C.Ss.R.

TO FORM OPINIONS WITHOUT HAVING TO GET THE FACTS.

From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sisters

Father told me to write a letter to you. Sometimes I don't like to study my lessons but I still do it. I like to know if you got some sisters or brothers I got three brothers and three sisters. I forgot what your name was will you pleace tell me what your name is. I know that I should eat meat ownly ones a day. I ownly eat Candy on Sunday. Thanks so much.

Walter

My name is PAT and I want to start catecism so I can go to confession and communion. i am 6 years old next january the 5th 1959. God Bless You.

Patrick

Thank you very much for the pretty holy pictures. Thank you also for my Jesus and I certificate. Your Forever

Sharon

I received your letter which stated that you last received Garry's and my lessons on April 25. Garry and I have answered our catechism until the last lesson before the holidays. I am very sorry if there has been some mix-up and caused you time to check up on the records. Perhaps they may have been lost. Garry and I are willing and want to do the lessons because it is our duty. Would you please continue sending the lessons and we will try to answer them promptly. Thank you very much.

Bernice

We got sixteen calves. And 2 cows 1 of them hirt her leg. We did not milk her the first night. I pased from Grade 2 to grade 3. We are starting to write. I like writing. It is fun. My teacher is a good teacher. We had to pay $260c for our books. Your friend.

Susan

NEITHER MAN NOR TURTLE GOES FAR UNLESS

Just a few lines to you. How are you I'm fine. I'm having a hard time to do my questions on page 2. Will you please send me a Holy Bible. Thank you. Yours truely,

Eileen

I am not going send any more lesson because I am tired of them and it is quiet a shore. Sincerely yours,

Robert

How are you? I am fine. About two weeks ago I sprained my ankle. I missed all the Christmas concertes. We got new lionilicim for the kitchen and dining-room floor. This time I tried real hard to get an H. For Christmas I got a dairy, pen and pencil set. I am using the pencil. Also I got a black pair of lined jeans, a paint box with forty eight colors, a jewery box and a braclet and some cut outs. I got an autograph from Mom a book from Sharon and a green silk scarf from Donna. I read the book from Sharon in one night. It was one of those big books to. Well good-bye for now. With love from

Johanna

May I please follow Correspondence Course in Religion. I always love Catechism. I am 11 years old and in grade 6. When I grow up I want to be a sister nurse. I hope you can read my writing. Thank you very much. Yours very sincerly,

Ruth

Thank you for the nice picture you sent me. I like it very mush. I think it is very pretty. How are you all up there. We are all fine down here. Noe one is sick now. It is near Christmas time. I hope you have a Morry Christmas and a happy new year. There is lots of ribbon around our place. They are orange, yellow and blue. In my catakism there is some blue, yellow and orange. You may keep them. You do not have to sent them back. Just once a gane I which you a Merry Christmas and a happy New year and I will let Susan use my boak when she gets bigger. My penance will do a good deed every day for Mother or Father every day till Chrisnas day. Susan will do a good deed every day til Christnas day. Doreen will give up eating candy every day till Chrismas day. And that is all that I have to say this time. And good bye for now.

Elaine

I am sorry for not writing sooner but I have been busy getting organized with my school work. I am writing to tell you that I will not be taking lessons any more. I have a religion period every day in school now. I am staying with my aunt and between my school work and trying to find my way around at home I am having a very busy time. I passed to Grade 10 with a B which isn't very good but I made it anyway. Well I will have to say goodbye because I have some homework to finish.

Yours truly,

Michael

When I first started my catechism I never used to help with the work at home. I thought over what it said. Now I always help.

Christine

Could you please send me a couple of them big envelopes you send us with the lessons? I haven't got enough room in these small ones. I have one brother that started school this year. I wonder if you have to send lessons to him he is seven years old his name is Gabriel. I think he will make his first communion sometimes this year. Everybody's doing fine in our family. I am now in Grade 7. I had a new baby brother his name is John. He is cute and laughs all the time. He is 6 months old.

Sincerely,

Claire

Would you please say a few prayers for my grandma who went to Heaven last Tuesday. Thank you very much.

Johnny

I am very glad I was able to make my First Holy Communion in July in Prince George. Your pupil,

Bernard

I am glad we get our catechism lessons because we can't go to Mass this January. I like the way you make my lessons because you give me all h's. I have a little brother and he is six months old. He is real cute. I think he is an angle. He has two teeth and two more coming. Everybody is fine here but I have a little cold. I sure would like to stay at a convent some time soon. Your loving pupil,

Louise

HE IS WILLING TO STICK OUT HIS NECK.

Perpetual Help Mission Club

My Offering

Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus, Lord I come.
In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay;
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right.
I would serve Thee day and night;
Therefore to Thee I come.
Just as I am—young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee!
Lord of my life, I come!

The Gambling Lady

A certain young businesswoman was quite satisfied with the success she had achieved in the commercial world. She felt no inclination to any change in her state of life, either for the life of a religious or for the married life, although she had been told on several occasions that she seemed to have a religious vocation, and a young lawyer had been taking her very seriously.

While enroute to a foreign country, the young man urged his love upon her by one letter after another. At first she told him that she was "not inclined to marry anyone, but if I change my mind, you will be the groom." After several months he demanded a definite "Yes" or "No".

Lucy now felt she had to make a decision. She often thought that perhaps the dear Lord was in fact calling her to consecrate herself entirely to Him. She decided to gamble. She then

wrote two leters—one accepting the proposal, the other asking for admittance to a community of sisters well known to her. Three mornings she carried the two letters in her purse to Holy Mass and also to Holy Communion. On the evening of the third day she went to the mail box, shuffled the letters around several times, and dropped one into the box. Without looking at the one left in her purse, she walked home wondering, "Where do I go from here?"

In the privacy of her own room she opened her purse, took out the remaining letter—and found that she had mailed the letter making application to the religious community! Hurriedly and secretly she made arrangements for her entrance.

The gambler is still happy that she gambled, and that God's Divine Providence directed which letter was to go into the mail box.

Eeny Meeny Miny No Mo'

The foregoing story might awaken some problems. We hope it does. Young people often say that they want to be **certain** before they take a chance on staking everything on God. Well, you have to have a little of the gambler in you when you try to do God's Holy Will. God seldom shows His hand openly, but He does give you hints — in the advice of a confessor or a teacher, and in a thousand other ways that you can see if you look for His plan in your life. And there really is not much of a gamble in trying to do what is best for God, because either way, you win! Life is too short to waste much time waiting for a house to fall on you.

S.S.V. Notes

SISTERS OF SERVICE 2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO 5, ONT.

Dear Sisters:

I would like to hear more about the work of the Sisters of Service. I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

Name ..... Age .....

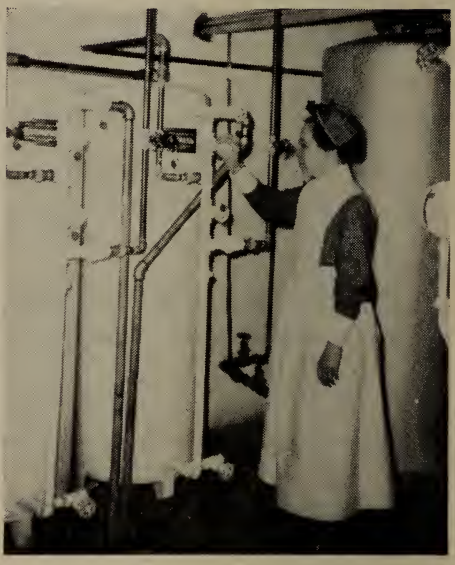
Street .....

City ..... Zone .....Province.....

THE CHANCES ARE NOBODY ELSE DOES.

S.O.S.-ogram

Manning: Each letter from Manning brings glowing reports of colour schemes and vinyl tiles and what-not in the new convent. The North Star and Notikewin units of the C.W.L. held a silver tea in December to aid in the furnishing and decorating of the sisters' new residence. A large number of visitors from Manning and district inspected the building. Pouring tea were Mrs. Emma Dechant and Mrs. Mary Schroh, presidents of the two C.W.L. units and Mrs. G. Kobza of North Star. Mrs. B. Lorencz was in charge of the guest book.



Sister Roberts examines the new equipment in Vilna.

Vilna: The installation of a water softener and filters in Vilna has made another long-standing dream come true. Gone are the brown-stained water glasses, vases et cetera; gone the uninviting brown water which defied any soap to become suds. While there may not have been any audible cheers when the installation was made, it is equally true that there was no sign of tears.

Rycroft: Sister Phillips writes, "I do love and enjoy my little folks in Grade 1. Dennis Laurin's mother asked him how I put up with all his chatter. Immediately he told her, 'But Mother, Sister loves us all.' That was enough explanation for him. I wouldn't trade them for a million even though I'm glad to usher them to the bus at 3.30 p.m."

POLITICAL TROUBLES ARE THE ONLY THING

Montreal: We had an Irish family—parents and four children, 4-11 years —to get furniture and household effects for. The family was living at the Immigration centre when they came to us. Immigration found them a house but they had no furniture, so we had to go into action. The response was most generous, thank God, and the family is pretty well settled with the father in what we hope is a permanent job.

Fargo: Saint Mary's Cathedral, Fargo, North Dakota was the scene of an impressive ceremony on January 31, 1960. His Excellency, Bishop Leo F. Dworschak, Apostolic Administrator of the Fargo Diocese, invested Monsignor Lucien Arrell, rector of the Cathedral, as protonotary apostolic ad instar.

The Sisters of Service extend their prayerful good wishes to Monsignor on this happy occasion; the bestowal of this honour coincides with the 35th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. May God grant him many more fruitful years in the Master's service.

Fargoans were happy to learn on this same occasion that Cardinal Muench's Red Hat will hang in St. Mary's Cathedral shortly.

Sinnett: Nine of our boys have a 4H Grain Club. Jerry Kresse is the leader, the grain is Thatcher Wheat. When the plot judges were out last summer to judge the wheat plots three were in the 70's and the rest in the 80's. we were really pleased at their showing. On their Achievement Day they showed 15 pounds of seed, a sheaf and a project-book. They also judged grain, did a quiz and showed their field sign.

Members of the Sinnett 4-H Grain Club.

THAT CAN BE MULTIPLIED BY DIVISION.

The Ports Report—

From Halifax

We packed our bags as usual that memorable September morning. We heard the blasts of the S.S. Vulcania to the tugs which were helping her to dock. The loud, long, final blast of her horn meant she had made it and the tugs could go on their way. Crossing the little park on the way to the Port we glanced up at the ship. Her flags waved gloriously in the ocean breeze and among them was the Papal flag. Since the Papal flag is not flown on Italian liners unless there is a Cardinal Delegate or Papal Legate aboard, we wondered.

We learned from our Port Chaplain that His Eminence, Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani was on board the ship. The Cardinal was on his way, via New York, to preside as Papal Legate at the Bishop Laval Tercentenary in Quebec.

Because of the large number of immigrants arriving that day we were not free to board the ship to pay our respects to the Cardinal. There was some hope that His Eminence might visit the Port. By noon, however, the prospect of meeting him was dim. We accepted the disappointment along with the hundred and one little things which seemed to go wrong that morning. So near and yet so far, we thought.

We think that Mother Cabrini must have been smiling down on us that day as she often does. Somehow she seems to delight in little personal touches. Providentially, for us, the Vulcania was delayed longer than had been expected. His Grace, Archbishop Berry of Halifax was thus given an opportunity to escort the Cardinal and his party to the assembly room where we were busy assisting the immigrants.

His Eminence spoke to us for a few minutes. He expresed his pleasure in meeting the Sisters of Service since he had heard of our work with the immigrants. This did not surprise us too much. Every Italian liner carries an Italian ambassador—there seems to be a different man each time the ship docks. These gentlemen make a point of meeting us because they have been told, either by representatives of the Italian Government or by the ship's Captain or both, that they must meet

the Sisters who help the immigrants. We were grateful to His Eminence for his kind words of encouragement in our apostolate.

One priest in the group of visitors seemed particularly impressed. When the Cardinal had left the assembly room for a short tour of the city, this priest remained to get a brief outline of our work. Naturally, we placed a few editions of **The Field at Home** in his hands as well as samples of the Catholic literature which we distribute to the immigrants. Father told us that what pleased him particularly about our work was that no matter what hour of the day or night a ship docked, the Sisters of Service are at the port to give a helping hand to the immigrant, to speak to him in his native tongue and thus to establish his first contact with the Church in his adopted country.

As Father did not introduce himself to us formally, we thought he was just a visitor accompanying the Cardinal. We learned later that afternoon that he was the Cardinal's personal secretary.

Sister S. Liota

Book Reviews

Maria Montessori Her Life and Work by E. M. Standing, Academy Library Guild, Fresno, California, $5.25.

In the cover's biographical sketch concerning the author of **Maria Montessori Her Life and Work,** we are told that it was Dr. Montessori herself, recognizing Mr. Standing's able grasp of her principles and methods, who urged him to put them into writing. She chose well, as apparently, she did many things well. Mr. Standing presents the Dotoressa to us in a manner which throws light on the endowments, hardihood and determination of a woman capable of great achievements. He then fulfils our expectations in his detailed and thought-provoking account of her psychological experiments and the educational system which she founded on them.

The style throughout is simple, kindly, touched here and there with charming humour. The author himself never stands in the way but keeps us always in touch with his subject and her work. At times, especially in the first few chapters dealing with her work, Mr. Standing goes, perhaps, into too much detail, for the style becomes a bit heavy due to some unnecessary repetition. Nevertheless the book as a whole and the later chapters in particular make very absorbing reading.

It would have been interesting to have had some glimpses at least into

Dr. Montessori's personal spiritual life and Catholic practice. In great people it is always profitable to see how their spiritual convictions influence, develop and co-ordinate their life work. We do not imply by this that Dr. Montessori was in the least secularist or materialistic. On the contrary; Mr. Standing shows us surely, if indirectly, that her philosophy is always strongly Catholic. Her experimental method in psychology is the way of induction for she begins, with an open mind and with the children themselves; yet she arrives unconfused and refreshingly sure of herself at the Catholic philosophical principles which she uses as the foundation for her system — the mind at birth is a "tabula rasa"; all knowledge comes by way of the senses; study of the material and the particular leads to the universal concept; society exists for the individual, not vice versa. In fact, as Mr. Standing points out, "Montessori's ideas though arrived at as a result of observation — show an unexpected affinity with Aristotelian philosophy." This reader would omit the "unexpected" and add "and with Thomism".

One hopes on finishing the study of Dr. Montessori's system as presented by Mr. Standing, that her methods and principles become well known and widely used, not only among teachers but also among parents. Even a brief study of her psychology and educational methods would do much for the parents, teachers and educationalists who are sampling this and that as means of improving education — and children — and succeeding often in only adding to the general confusion.

SMJ

All The Days of My Life by Sister Mary Jeremy, McLelland & Stewart Ltd., 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16, $3.50.

When two of Sister Mary Jeremy's former pupils write and asked why she did not write a book about nuns who do not leave their communities, Sister Mary Jeremy accepted the challenge. The result is **All The Days of My Life,** the story of Sister Jeremy's life in religion from the time of her entrance to her silver jubilee.

The book makes easy reading as it tells of the downs as well as the ups of religious life. There is warmth and humour as it takes us through the years with a religious who never forgets that she freely, joyously and lovingly chose to vow Poverty, Chastity and Obedience according to the Rule of her community for all the days of her life.

There is so much that is good in the book that one wishes it were better; that, on its artistic merits, it could stand against the stories of those nuns who did not persevere, stories which are much less typical of the normal religious than is Sister Mary Jeremy's.

EMZ

St. Anne de Beaupre: Its Shrine — Its Spirit by Rev. Eugene Lefebvre, C.Ss.R., 80 pages, 150 photographs, $2.00 at St. Anne's Bookshop, St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec. This lavishly illustrated album on the famous Shrine of St. Anne glowingly tells the history of the Shrine and describes its artistic treasures. This report on the Tercentenary Shrine and its spiritual significance will be welcomed by all devotees of Good Saint Anne.

EMZ.

NEVER JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS MOVIE.

Time is Flying

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

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MISSION PRESS

THE FIELD AT HOME

JULY 1960 VOLUME XXXVI NO. 3

The story of the Sisters of Service in the Home Missions

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XXXVI NO. 3 JULY 1960

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Memo

from the Editor's desk

Four years have passed since Father Daly died on June 3rd, 1956. With the passage of time, his memory has not dimmed. Nor shall it. To us he passed the torch of his great dedication to the cause of Catholic Missions. With each succeeding year our own dedication must grow in breadth and depth. It is proper that we should reprint, in this issue, an editorial written by Father Daly twenty years ago. It is as pertinent now as it was in July 1940.

A "Person to Person" Call

"This is a 'person to person' call. We wish to talk to you individually, to bring to you a personal message. To enlist your 'personal' interest and kind co-operation in our missionary cause is our present ambition. For, we must admit, that often when a message of this kind is broadcast we fail to listen in. Like the bored radio listener we fumble with the dial to find something 'more interesting.' But, tell me, is there really something more interesting and more vital? Are we not trying to keep the faith among our 'own' in our own country? If that faith means anything to us—and surely it means much—it is important that we also should do our share in this apostolate of the Home Mission Field.

"We are timid and slow when the enemies of our Faith among the foreign-born are bold and aggressive. Philanthropic and patriotic work on their part is often the spearhead of a well-planned attack on the faith of their forefathers. Surely, we repeat it, you love your faith too much to see others despoiled of it under your own eyes, within the confines of your own land, under the very protection of its laws. If perhaps, in the past you were not impressed by this appeal, is it not just because it did not come home to you? You did not feel responsible for these conditions. But you are responsible inasmuch as you do not share, by your prayers and your alms, in this apostolate.

YOU HAVE TO BE LITTLE TO BELITTLE.

"How we should like to be able to pick up the phone and speak to you personally of what we know, of what we have seen during the years we laboured for our Western missions! We think we could persuade you to come to our aid."

That Father Daly's words may be heard and heeded by many generous souls is our fervent prayer.

Our New Cover

With this issue of **The Field at Home** we are introducing a new cover which, we believe, is a noteworthy improvement. **The Field at Home** is the voice of the Sisters of Service. Its aim is to keep our purpose before the public and to attract vocations. With this aim in mind, the first of our new cover designs is particularly appropriate. It represents the Sister of Service beside a stook of unthreshed grain. Nothing is more typical of our great Prairie Provinces, where so many souls are waiting for an army of zealous spiritual harvesters, than the field of grain.

Five years ago when the size of our magazine was reduced, Father Daly wrote: ". . . Time brings changes. To follow the present trend in typographic design is to keep young and susceptible to progressive thought and prevailing ideas. Our message remains the same, but the form of its presentation will, we hope, prove more attractive to our friends and readers." We fervently echo that hope with regard to our new cover.

Congratulations

The Sisters of Service offer sincere congratulations to **Reverend William Edward Power,** of Montreal, who has been named Bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, by Pope John XXIII. Bishop-elect Power is widely known for his work with the Young Christian Workers, having served as their national chaplain from 1953 to 1959. He is a former chaplain of the Sisters of Service Residential Club in Montreal.

Very Reverend John L. Swain, S.J., recently appointed Vicar General to the Superior General of the Society of Jesus in Rome. Father Swain, a Canadian, is a former Provincial of the Upper Canada Province of the Society of Jesus.

Reverend Joseph L. Paquin, O.M.I., pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul Church in Rycroft, Alberta, who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on May 29, 1960.

Sister Irene Faye who graduated with a B.A. degree from St. Michael's College of the University of Toronto. Upon completion of her exams, Sister Faye left Toronto for Peace River, where she is replacing Sister Mill.

St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ontario, for the consistency with which the students carry off honours in public speaking and dramatics.

BE PART OF THE ANSWER AND NOT THE PROBLEM.

Patroness of the Sisters of Service

Mother of Perpetual Help

Guide us —

With you as guide the road is not so long, so rough,
so treacherous to faltering feet;
yet, even as we stumble, sway, our gaze, unwavering,
rests on fathomless serenity of day-sky's blue, on
star-shot splendour of the vault of night.
With you as guide, we need not look to earth.

Guard us —

From the cramped orbit of self-love's devising,
whose fetters, wrought by pride with strength of hell,
emprison us in bonds of human littleness.

Inspire and strengthen us —

That Poverty may set us free — for Him;
that Purity may wing us on — to Him;
that humble in Obedience, tender, strong,
we may find Love — and rest for aye in Him. *Amen.*

S.J.B.

Jennifer Coxe, Auxiliary Vice-President, presents W.R.Y. cheque to Sister Deland.

Vancouver Yarn

Sister Ella Deland

As our yarn unravels, I trust you will be able to pick up the strands and weave a tapestry of the warp and woof of life on the corner of Eleventh and Pine.

Morning dawns, and we must be up and about Our Father's business. All is still in our Chapel, morning prayers are over and we are deep in meditation when quietly a step approaches and with a little click the folding doors open. We see no one but we know that Ursula Franke is in the alcove making her daily visit to our dear Lord and our Lady before setting out for work. The clock chimes 6.45 and Father's step is heard as he hastens to the sacristy. Sister rings the warning bell—Mass will soon begin. There is a patter down the stairs, Joan appears, then Chrisie, then Mary Ellen, then Margaret and Pat — perhaps Bernie or Terry. They come and pray for those who remain on their flat! Soon the Holy Sacrifice is over and there is a scurry for breakfast, then a dash for a bus . . . it will not wait and our lassies must be on time at hospital, school or office.

The hustle and bustle subsides, by 8.30 peace and quiet is restored. Steffie has appeared to help keep the house clean and in order; Marie Szabo, our angel of the Lower Main, has

brushed the sleep from her eyes and goes peacefully about her task of keeping the dining room, kitchen, laundry and culture-centre in ship shape, ready, all the while to take any call that may come, leaving the Sisters serenely free to go to Chapel for Community prayers.

Nine o'clock finds us all at our respective posts. The door-bell rings, Mary Wilson and Betty Donnolley have just arrived off the Himalaya—brown as sun-drenched berries, after their voyage from Australia. What a contrast to us rain-drenched, pale-faced Vancouverites! The formalities of registration are soon over and our latest guests settled. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley with his high-pressure salesmanship is the next to appear on the scene for his bi-monthly call. He is sure to have a tall tale to tell as he persuasively recommends the best buys in provisions.

There goes the telephone . . . Jennifer: "Sister, what evening is Father Hennessy meeting with the Discussion Group? I must not miss it."

Pat Wood, leaving Vancouver, slips out unobstrusively, she cannot bear to say good-bye! Pat is out to see the world before returning to her home in merrie England — good old London town—and so we lose the President of our Auxiliary. God bless and see her safely home . . . Greetings and farewells seem to be part of our life. There is always someone coming and someone going.

The day passes all too quickly, between Community exercises, doing odd jobs, answering door bells, telephone calls, interviewing and, of course, taking time out for lunch—we must refuel to keep fit!

Four-thirty and our flock begins its return to the fold. They come in one's and two's. First the students, then our little teacher, followed by the office workers and, last but not least, the nurses' aides from the hospitals, weary and hungry, sniffing the air to see if they cannot detect what Sister has on the menu. There goes the dinner bell —a bee-line to the dining room where over a good hot dinner the events of the day and the plans for the evening are discussed. The Glee Club meets to-night. Our humming birds will gather round the piano while Sister Gallagher, wielding the baton, directs a Stephen Foster programme being prepared at the request of the patients at Holy Family and Mount St. Joseph Hospitals, whose hearts were warmed by our Glee Club's Christmas caroling and Irish airs in honour of St. Patrick.

The picture would not be complete without the telling of our Auxiliary's project for the year — a contribution toward "WORLD REFUGEE YEAR". A social evening took place once a month and much credit goes to the decorating committee, under the artistic direction of Christine Lynch and Betty Treacy; to Mary Ellen Mulvey who so generously spent a good part of her day off, making sandwiches; to Pat Wood whose infectious spirit of joy made her an ideal emcee; to Doreen and Doyne Sillery always ready to help out with entertaining; to our Irish collen, Patricia Phelan, whose dainty feet delighted all as she tripped nimbly through Ireland's national dances. To all who helped in this worthy cause we are very grateful. While combining fun with fund-raising, $191.20 was realized.

THEY ARE ONLY THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER SMILE.

Impressions of Vancouver Club

Rosemary Kent-Barber

On a cold, grey, rainy Vancouver day last year a Catholic girl friend suggested I seek shelter at the Sisters of Service Club. I shall never forget the warm, friendly way the Sisters greeted me nor their kindly, helpful interest in me throughout my stay at the house.

I was and am a Protestant and before staying with the Sisters I knew nothing about Catholics. The Sisters' unselfish lives of constant, patient service toward the girls here has impressed me tremendously with a faith that seems truly Christian.

It has been a wonderful experience living with girls from overseas and from other parts of Canada and British Columbia. I have enjoyed hearing the viewpoints of girls my own age from different countries. My one-time cultural conservatism has been permanently altered for the better.

I have enjoyed both participating in and observing the many activities available for those residing in the house — from the Glee and Study Clubs to the many gay parties on festival occasions.

The Glee Club rehearses twice a week and gave several concerts at neighbouring hospitals throughout the year. The same girls and others formed the choir for the special Mass held in honour of Sister Jolicoeur's Silver Jubilee.

Girls from the Club emulate the Sisters' ideals of service when they teach catechism in the Sunday schools here, act as hostesses for visiting seamen at the Vancouver Catholic Sailors Club and recently visited a boarding school for Indian children at Mission, B.C., to help the youngsters learn square-dancing.

New and interesting international friends; constant loving care from the Sisters; a comfortable real house to come home to; good meals and oh-so-good desserts, especially the Birthday cakes; factors like these and many more have combined to make my stay at the Vancouver Sisters of Service Residential Club one of the happiest experiences of my life.

THE PERSON WHO LEARNS TO LAUGH AT TROUBLE WILL

From My Corner

Sister Dorothy Daley

From the window of my corner, here in the Edson Lab., I can see the tall fir trees silhouetted against the chinook arch in the sky. The setting-sun makes a picture-postcard of the snow-capped mountains in the background. In the foreground, there is a sprinkling of fresh snow on both ground and trees. As I watch, the blue parish car comes up the driveway.

First out of the car is the Retreat-Master, Reverend Father G. Ehmann, C.Ss.R., then the sisters from Edmonton and the North, who will join us in our annual retreat which will begin at 7:30.

Excitement is everywhere! We gallop through greetings, supper and last-minute instructions to and from the non-retreatants. Some one looks in the Lab. door—"Do you really like working in muck all day? I can't understand it."

After supper, with my corner in order, I stroll through the hospital and pick up stray bits of different conversations.

"Do you belong here now?" That was Sister Jolicoeur to Sister Bertha Jackson.

"I've been here 10 years. How long do you have to be on a mission to belong?" Sister Jolicoeur thought she was talking to Sister Mary Jackson.

"And you haven't changed either except for your double chin." Sister Corke to me.

"Oh, they are so cute. They sit on your shoulder and say, 'Sister, Sister'."

"No budgy-bird for me! We have a little boy who says 'Sister, Sister,' and he is sweet."

"And I ran screaming all the way into the chapel and she stood at the door with the mouse waiting for me to come out." Years ago Sister Knechtel chased Sister Jolicoeur with a mouse.

"And I said, 'The doctor is busy in the O.R. Will you leave your name and number?' The voice replied, 'Williby Long.' 'Would you mind spelling the first name, please?' The voice came back with emphasis, 'I'm asking you, will he be long?' "

Stories, passing back and forth on waves of joyous laughter, are suddenly interrupted by a bell. Silently we fall into procession and cross the tunnel into the convent-chapel.

We join in the singing of the Veni Creator Spiritus, a hymn asking for the light and the help of the Holy Spirit. Then, with the Retreat-master's opening conference fresh in our minds,

SOON DISCOVER THAT LIFE HANDS HIM A LOT OF LAUGHS.

The blessed
solitude of retreat.

we launch out into the deep, alone with Our Lord.

With the help of the Holy Spirit we dig down deep into our hearts. We see graces used or neglected, we consider our rules, our daily practices, the virtues, what we must root out of our lives and what we must put into them. We do not forget anyone in our prayers during these days of prayer. We make the Stations, say rosaries, read spiritual books, attend spiritual lectures, make acts of contrition, reparation and petition. Most important, we sum up the retreat in a good resolution.

Our little boat sails on serenely until it is time to turn back. Regretfully we realize that the retreat is ended; it is time to start over again. After a High Mass of thanksgiving and after receiving the Apostolic Blessing, we again fall into procession, cross through the tunnel and go into a gaily decorated dining-room.

After grace has been said, Sister Superior says, "Benedicamus Domino." We all answer, "Deo Gratias" and the lid is off. If you think we lost our voices during the long silence, you should just stand outside that dining-room for a few minutes. Everyone is talking at once. Someone touches my elbow:

"Pass the butter, please. I've already asked for it three times but I can't make myself heard."

Now I'm back in my lab once more. The snow is still on the sleeping rose bushes. The sky is dark blue with streaks of red from the late-rising sun. I watch the changing sky, thinking of many things. Suddenly, a voice recalls me to reality.

"Are you coming to teach your little angels?"

I teach Catechism each Sunday to the Grade I and II pupils. The retreat is over. We have come ashore and must put our hands to the plough once more, without any turning back.

SUCCESS CONSISTS IN GETTING UP JUST ONE MORE TIME THAN YOU FALL.

Sister Ruth Mill

"I Have Come to Serve" — When on May 9, 1960, Sister Ruth Mill died in the 27th year of her religious life, it could truly be said of her that she had lived the Community motto; she had served. Whether as catechist, cook, hospital secretary or high school teacher, Sister Mill's life was characterized by a serene detachment. To every task, however menial or lofty, she brought good will, energy and interest. As a result she made a success of everything her superiors asked her to do.

Sister Mill was born in Quebec City, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David W. Mill. She entered the Sisters of Service in August 1932. In 1936 she was assigned to Winnipeg for one year. There followed five years as secretary of St. John's Hospital, Edson, interrupted briefly by a few months at Our Lady's Hospital in Vilna.

From Edson Sister Mill went to the Religious Correspondence School in Regina. From 1941 to 1949 Sister was engaged in catechetical work in Regina and Fargo, which she left to continue her studies to a B.Sc. in Education.

Appointed Superior of Sinnett mission in 1951, Sister taught High School there until 1957 when she went to Peace River. From September 1957 until a month before her death, Sister Mill was principal of and taught High School in Immaculate Conception School in Peace River.

For more than a year Sister Mill knew that, unless a miracle occurred, her days were numbered. But she kept right on without either complaints or bids for sympathy. She was always "just fine."

To Sister Mill's brothers and sisters we offer our sympathy. They, as we, have lost a sister. But all of us have gained immeasurably by her cheerful resignation under a very heavy cross. She served cheerfully and God loves a cheerful giver. May her soul rest in peace.

"Because I Like You So Much"

Sister Patricia Cooper

Timmy is a young patient in a local hospital to whom I teach catechism every afternoon, Monday through Friday. As I approached him this afternoon, a package on his dresser caught my attention.

"What's that, Timmy?" I queried.

"O, that's a surprise . . . for **you!"**, Timmy cried as he ran out and planted himself in front of the package. "Its something I saved up my money to buy. And then Dickie and I went down to the cafeteria this morning and bought this for **you.** It cost **ten cents!"** Then, with all possible solemnity, Timmy handed me a little ten-cent apple pie.

"You keep that paper," he counseled, "and when you need to carry things around in the rain, that will keep them dry."

I agreed, soberly, wondering how dry a piece of heavy waxpaper would keep anything in the event of rain.

"Why, Timmy," I stammered, "this is just wonderful. I'm sure its going to be the best apple pie I've ever tasted. But,—why did you buy it for me, Timmy?"

"Because I like you so much, that's why," he stated simply.

Well, then I wanted to cry and laugh. To cry because I was sincerely touched; to laugh because, as I opened the package, I made a really amusing discovery. Timmy liked me so much that there was only a half pie left. I did laugh, out loud, but a good part of the laughter was for pure delight. My gracious little host was apparently not a bit nonplussed at the sight of the half pie.

Timmy is fascinated by Sister Cooper's Cross.

"Let's have a going-away party since you're going home tomorrow, Timmy. After all, it isn't every day we have apple pie."

Timmy was all in favour of the idea and promptly broke the half pie in halves again. He glanced at his uneven division with a look of indecision, but only for a moment. Then, making a gesture bordering on the heroic, he thrust the bigger half at me and said, "I'll eat the little piece."

"Oh, no," I argued, "you must be hungry. You take the bigger piece."

"Well," he conceded happily, "I am pretty hungry all right," and took a first delicious bite.

At that point, in toddled three-year-old Dickie.

"What'cha doin' Timmy?"

"Eatin' apple pie."

"Gee!" Dickie looked longingly at the good in question.

"Would you like some, Dickie?" I asked, offering him my piece.

"Sure would," Dickie answered as he settled down to enjoy the party. "Gee, this is a good party, Sister. We shoulda had one before."

And a better party I've never been invited to, even though the host was oblivious of the fact that the guest of honour didn't have a thing to eat.

As I was leaving them I overheard Dickie say, "I'm going downstairs. Got some money."

"How much?" Timmy asked, with interest.

"Ten cents."

"Oh, boy, let's go buy Sister another pie!"

ARCHITECTS AND MORE BRICKLAYERS.

Weekends . . . Peace River Style

Sister M. M. Denis

A treatise for the enlightment of puzzled students who can't understand what on earth Sisters do on weekends.

"Didn't you check my essay yet?" sighed Joe in keen disappointment. "I'm very sorry, Joe," I replied, "but it was a very full week-end." The incredulous expression on Joe's face silently voiced, "What on earth do Sisters ever find to do on week-ends besides pray?" Thinking over the last few weekends I mentally queried, "What **don't** we do?"

The exodus from 401-4th Street (commonly known in town as "The Sisters") commences early Saturday morning when Sisters Deighan and Denis, armed with catechisms and charts, set forth in a dignified rush to catch the Grimshaw bus at 8:00 a.m. One particular Saturday this enterprising twosome decided to take a short cut over the frozen Hart River instead of going all the way around over the bridge. In all charity we will refrain from indicating the source of this time-saving notion. The banks of the Hart River are rather steep, but there was a little path worn smooth from use. What the enterprising twosome didn't reckon on was the fact of a sheet of glassy ice under the freshly fallen snow. Faster than you can say

Sisters Deighan and Denis to Grimshaw, Sister Sullivan to the Flats.

S-O-S, the first brave soul landed at the bottom of the river in a most **un**-dignified manner. "Jill came tumbling after" leaving a train of catechisms, Messengers, etcetera in her wake. After a hearty laugh the pair realized that they must then attack the other river-bank and catch that bus! Even to the mountain-climbing expert, the obstacle of glass-covered rocks without footholds or handholds (if one **did** have a free hand) would prove almost insurmountable. One advantage of the ascent was that whenever they slipped they landed on their faces instead of the other side. Puffing, laughing, and covered with snow, Sisters D. and D. finally reached the top of the bank in just enough time to board the bus. The moral? The long way is often the shorter way.

Once at Grimshaw, the minutes are packed until noon. Father Watchel, O.M.I. says Holy Mass for the children at 9:30 a.m. All of the children from Grades One to Eight are learning the Latin responses. God must smile when He hears an earnest Grade One-er squeak out, "Et - come - speary - toot - toot - o." Perhaps a Liturgist wouldn't be quite so amused. Following catechism classes the children go to the choir loft ("Just like the grown-ups") and learn to sing God's praises. A great favourite among the wee set is "Immaculate Mary." Russell, barely six years old, sings "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" with his mouth open so wide that the poor little fellow develops a case of yawning before the hymn is finished.

HESITATES A BIT FOR A WOMAN OF 39.

Sister Denis,
at operation
"desk-clearing".

In the meantime, Sister Sullivan sets out from 401-4th Street, Peace River, to teach catechism in the Flats on the edge of town. Being the Superior, Sister wisely avoids the "time-saving short-cut" mentioned above. Sister Sullivan includes home visiting on her homeward itinerary.

Saturday afternoons are spent doing the multitudinous little chores which are a very necessary part of daily life. Over at school there are classes to prepare, ingenious methods to invent for making reluctant students understand the intricacies of mathematics, and—oh yes—that pile of unchecked essays to move off the desk in order to make room for something more important. For variety, on certain weekends, one can make out endless report cards or monthly reports.

Even Sunday seems to slip by before one is aware that Saturday had ended. We have the privilege of being able to attend two Masses and Benediction on Sunday; so perhaps that is why Joe thinks Sister prays all weekend. One of the Sisters is organist, pro tem, at the Church. Every other week the Sisters go with Father Ruelle to the Flats for Holy Mass in the afternoon.

Monday morning finds us looking over a pile of unchecked essays at baffled Joe who just can't figure out "what on earth do Sisters ever find to do on weekends."

YOU TOO CAN HAVE ULCERS. JUST TRY STARTING A NEW PARISH.

Only the street number was unchanged when, on May 19th, 1960, the new S.O.S. Residence for Girls at 62 Hargrave Street, Winnipeg, was officially opened and blessed by His Grace, Archbishop Pocock. Built across the front and along one side of the old house, the new residence provides accommodation for 50 girls and combines charming spaciousness with homelike comfort.

The completion of the Winnipeg project is the result of careful planning, hard work and generous cooperation on the part of many people. The Sisters of Service are grateful to His Grace, Archbishop Pocock for his unfailing interest and encouragment; to the members of the Advisory Board and of the Women's Auxiliary for the loyal and enthusiastic manner in which they tackled and solved our many problems; to the Knights of Columbus, the Winnipeg Foundation, to the architect, the contractors, the interior decorators, to each and every person who helped in any way. May God's blessing rest on all of these good friends, may He, Himself, be their Reward.

Winnipeg . . . A Picture Story

At the formal opening of the new residence, Mr. A. V. Mauro, Chairman of the Advisory Board, introduces His Grace the Archbishop and other special guests.

Below, the former cramped and over-crowded living room is replaced by a lounge, approximately half of which is shown here. Equipped with Hi-fi, TV, piano and three writing, reading or browsing nooks, the lounge is a harmonious blending of off-white, beige, yellow, green and brown. Folding doors allow the room to be divided in two, if need be.

White walls, ceiling, light fixtures and table-tops combine with aqua drapes, chairs and flooring in the large dining room. This room offers another marked contrast to the inadequacies of the old dining area shown below.

The two-bed rooms were planned with comfort, utility and appearance in mind. Each girl has her own clothes-cupboard and her own desk. The beds are continental-type with book-shelf headboard. The double dresser is shared as is the pin-up board which gives ample space for pin-ups without disfiguring the walls. Again, the contrast between old and new is very marked.

Just a line to say . . .

Dear Sister:

I spent July on holiday in France where I changed my last odd dollars for a trip to Lourdes. Until the other day I did not know where I was going to get another dollar for this year's subscription to **The Field at Home.** A few days ago in our local Catholic club a gentleman pulled out this American dollar, which I am enclosing, and I offered to buy it. When I explained why, he gave it to me; his wife said it was for a good cause and anyway, he had picked it up blowing across the deck when they were coming back from holidays in Belgium. I just wonder if he or I should have the book. I very much enjoy it. It gets passed around here when I have finished it and I just wish it was longer. Now I am wondering where I shall get the dollar for next year's subscription . . .

Andree Marshall,
Ilford, Essex, England.

The writer of the foregoing who was, a few years ago, a resident in our Montreal Club, was assured that, dollar or no dollar, she would receive THE FIELD AT HOME just so long as she continues to write her interesting annual letter. Ed.

IT IS BETTER TO SIT TIGHT THAN TO DRIVE SO.

En Route to Winnipeg

Sister C. Schmeltzer

Looking ahead it seemed that the journey might be a time of loneliness and tears — one does get very attached to a place in 14 years. In the next compartment, a group of students, college-bound, sang heartily to the strumming of a guitar. How could one sigh and cry with that going on? And it was only fitting that I should smile. My memories of Edmonton are all happy ones. Most of them, naturally, are connected with girls resident in the Club. Which episodes stand out in my memory?

Sister Gertrude Walsh, a former superior at 105th St., visited us once and started to reminisce. She remarked that nothing happened any more; there was no excitement as in the good old days. Just then a terrific ringing was heard. Out into the hall we dashed to find the cause of the commotion. One sister took third floor, another took second and one ran downstairs to see if there was a fire. The din continued!

One of the girls appeared in the front hall with a fur coat over her pyjamas, carrying her radio and a suitcase; another ran up from the basement clutching a plastic piggy-bank which contained six coppers. And the din continued. As it was April 1st, we thought someone might be playing a practical joke. But all pleaded innocent.

Remembering the burglar-alarm connected to the fire escape, which none of us had ever heard ring, we trooped out the back door to see if anyone was on the fire escape. Nobody was. (Actually, the fire alarm had gone wild.) We went back into the house, carefully locking the door. The din continued! Finally, someone had the bright idea to remove the fuse. Quiet did not descend as soon as the ringing stopped, though. We all decided, then and there, what we would save in case of fire. We were in the midst of this when the front door bell rang. It was Sister Eveleen Donnelly. She had been

FISHING IS SITTING STILL FOR A LONG

The wonderful Christmases—complete with trimmings.

left outside, still investigating, when the rest of us came in and locked the door. We found out later that a loose glass in an alarm box had caused the commotion. It was the best 1st of April I can remember.

There were the times when a bus was chartered and we all went off on a picnic. The wonderful ball games! The time at Alberta Beach when the girls decided to go horseback riding and Emily got a white horse with one speed—walk. The cheers of "Heigh-ho Silver" and "Ride em, cowboy" as she ambled by!

Patsy worked for the Recreation Commission during vacation. As the summer drew to a close and it was almost time to return to university, she staged her own farewell party. At the playground she taught the children to tear rust-colored construction paper into the shape of weiners, and black paper into sticks for them, then turn the finished product into invitations. Since it was a shame to let the invitations go to waste, that night each girl in residence received a personal invitation to a weiner-roast in Queen Elizabeth Park. Off the girls went with enough food for an army, a couple of blankets, an accordion and some Sing-Song books. All that was lacking was a police escort and that lack was remedied at the park. A constable on duty saw to it that the girls were not bothered; as he had a beautiful baritone, he was a most welcome addition to the party. He conscientiously made a few tours during the evening, but was back in time to call for favourite songs if there seemed to be a momentary lull. All present voted the weiner roast the best farewell party they had ever attended.

The wonderful Christmases! I remember particularly the Christmas we had several Irish girls in residence who knew they were going to be terribly lonely. They invited a few of their friends to be lonely with them. With

My memories of Edmonton are all happy.

the other girls who could not go home there were twenty-two in all. They started singing carols about ten o'clock, just stopping in time to be in the chapel for Midnight Mass. How beautifully they sang the High Mass and the carols during the two low Masses following.

After breakfast and a visit from Santa they began to tell stories. One girl had to jig to illustrate a story and soon they were dancing a four-hand reel. At three-thirty the sisters slipped away to have a bit of breakfast and to open their letters from home. It was five before we could persuade the girls that everyone should have a few hours rest. Then Irene said, "I almost hate to write Mommy now after building up such a sad story in my last letter."

Oh, certainly there were times when I didn't feel like laughing—when I waited up for a girl and felt ready to take her apart when she came in, invariably to find that she had a bona fide excuse for being late. They really had run out of gas, or traffic had been held up because of an accident. Once the train from the North was three hours late because it ran out of fuel and had to wait for some from the city.

There are the memories of the nice things the girls did for the sisters. The surprise parties, that were so hard to keep a surprise, for feast days or before a departure. The skits that were put on with the smallest girl taking the part of a man and the biggest girl always ending up as his wife. I can't crowd all the wonderful memories into a short article but I am thinking of the friends of the Sisters, the unfailing help of the members of the Catholic Women's League and the friendly greetings of our neighbours.

Goodbye Edmonton! Hello Winnipeg! I am looking forward to more of the same.

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE LIVING IN THE

Sister Coffey waves goodbye to her reasons for going north—students at the end of the day.

Ave Maria

It seems so long ago—the bus to Peace River and my first trip North! As I sit here now, drinking in the restful beauty of this fabulous Peace River country, and thinking about the remainder of the trip to Manning, it just occurs to me that the bus trip was rather eventful; it was rich in the little things that one likes to drop into one's bag of memories.

As we started out, the baby in the seat with me was just a dear! We did not travel long together, however, as their destination was only eighty miles from Edmonton. When the baby and its mother had left us and I had moved over to the window, a little girl, about Grade 6 came to sit beside me. Her name was Lorraine. She was bus sick and the continual smoking did not help matters. Well, the inevitable happened. No damage however, except to the floor and there were plenty of newspapers. We stopped at Canyon Creek and the two of us walked down to the Lake. She recovered and we started on our way again. Later, Lorraine told me that when she was little she had always called the Sisters "mommies" so I was glad to have taken her under my wing.

Finally Joanne Boos and I sat together. There was a newly married couple sitting opposite us. He was the Fuller Brush salesman from Peace River with his Dutch bride newly arrived from Holland. Joanne and I tried to speak to her but she knew only a few words of English and seemed a bit lonesome and bewildered. We were sitting in the bus alone at one of the stops when Joanne, almost unconsciously, started to sing **Ave Maria.** Right away the young bride's eyes brightened and the three of us finished it together. No translator was necessary. We three understood one another perfectly.

Sister Frances Coffey

SPACE AGE, JUST TRY PARKING YOUR CAR.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Sister C. Schmeltzer

It had been 23 years since I instructed first communicants for their Big Day. During the intervening years there had been little or no contact with children. In May and June the Regina S.O.S. do week-end teaching outside the city and one First Communion class was assigned to me.

When driving out that first morning in May, I was a bit fearful of facing a task to which I had been so long a stranger. The fear was groundless for the little six and seven-year-olds were quite at home with me and I with them. It is a wondrous thing to watch their hearts and minds opening up to the knowledge of how much God loves them!

During our lessons on the Mass I told the children to say "My Lord and my God" at the elevation. Next day, wishing to see if they remembered I asked, "What do you say when the priest holds up the Sacred Host?" All I got for a moment were discouraging stares. Then one little hand waved frantically. "Yes, Sandra?" "I look at Jesus in the priest's hands and I say, 'You are my Lord and my God.' " Such moments bring joy to the heart of a catechist.

Another day I had taught the children that, at the end of their confession, they should say "Thank you, Father." When reviewing I asked: What are you going to say before leaving the con-

"My fear was groundless—" writes Sister Albury

fessional?" A six-year-old was prompt with the answer: "I'll say, 'Thank you, dear Father.' " I explained that the dear wasn't necessary, although I'm sure the priest would have been delighted had she left it in.

Although most of our work is with children, we have the occasional adult looking for instruction by correspondence. Shortly after Christmas we received this note:

"Dear Sisters, I am a convert and I don't feel I have enough instruction. So would you please send me lessons by correspondence. Send whatever you think I can manage, as I am a bed patient here at Fort San. I would like to start right at the beginning so as not to miss anything. I am 28 years old and married to a grand Catholic girl."

We started this sincere young convert on **Jesus and I** and he returned two lessons a week regularly. When we closed school in May he had completed nearly three courses.

One day the door-bell rang and who should it be but our pupil! He had been allowed home to see his newborn daughter, so he took the opportunity to make personal acquaintance with his correspondence teachers. He is a fine young man and, when here, was hopeful of being discharged from the San. very soon. However, a few days later we had a letter telling us that he would have to undergo an operation. It is our fervent prayer that this good young man will be spared to look after his wife and two small children.

AS HE THINKS HIS WIFE THINKS HE IS.

Tremendous trifles fill my day;

My life of service is not built on mighty deeds.

So I must garner all the little things,

Which, through the magic alchemy of love,

Become for me the purchase-price of Heaven.

Empty Lives

An empty life! What a tragedy! Yet how many young people fritter away their lives, their one great asset for eternity. Their days are crowded with empty dreams and ephemeral frivolities. Oh! if they could only get a glimpse of the immense good that would result from a life dedicated to our great missionary cause, we are fully convinced that vocations would blossom in our land like spring flowers in the meadows. The life of a missionary sister is a full life. Every day is like a golden thread woven into the texture of that divine tapestry of the Church of Christ. Her life becomes a living factor in the greatest work in the world, the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Stop—Look—Listen! Stop spending a useless life. Look at our great West that awaits your helping hand. Listen to the call of the Sacred Heart.

G. Daly, C.Ss.R. in **A CALL to SERVICE**

For information write:
Reverend Sister General,
Sisters of Service,
2 Wellesley Place,
Toronto 5, Canada.

From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sister.

Dear Sirs, After deep thought we have decided to continue our course from where we left off. We will try to do our best in mailing the lessons in about 2 weeks. Will you send the lessons where we left off for we have lost ours from last year. Thank you.

Barbara

How are you? We are all fine. I just wrote to tell you that I enjoy my lessons. It was Allan's birthday two days ago, he was one year old.

This year my teacher is Mrs. D., there are twenty-five children in our room. Daddy is all finished thrashing now. We have three puppies and nine cats. Well good-bye for now. With love,

Joanna

I am very sorry I never got to answer any sooner than this i don't get no time at all to do Catechism lessons for when i come home from school its almost 4 oclock then i have to do the chores like get cows, milk, and etc. Then i have to set table till we eat, seperate and done dishes and swept. Its time for my homework. When i got my homework done i have to get my things ready for school any say my rosary and night prayers and of course then its time to hop into to bed.

i suppose you might think the way i am writting the letter i want to quit catechism lessons, no, i want to keep up my catechism as long as i can. Only i just was telling you's why i never answered sooner. And as a remainder todays Sunday so i took some time off to write. I am sorry i can not do my lesson though for i lost the book. Please send me a book. If i am too far behind send me all the other lessons, for it makes no difference to me, for if i do one lessons i might as well get the rest and be caught up. I'll send you the 25c for the book when you send it. Thank you. Well i guess i'll sign off for i guess i wrote enough to keep you busy reading. Sincerely

Gena

Im senting stamps for my catechism book that I had receive on June. I would like to no if I have to do my lesson this year. And sister would you let me know if I can have my first confession. Cause I never receive my confession yet. So sister could you let me know if I should go to the priest and till him. Please let me know what I sould do. I know all my prayers and I say my rossry to. Thank you,

Irene

MOST OF THE TIME FORMERLY SPENT WATCHING THE POT

This is money we got from our resolusions for lent. There is $1.00. I am sending my lesson to. We just got the other lessons today. Thank you for the nice picture of Our Lord on the cross. Everyone is well here. Danny is spanking his teddy bear. I guess that is all for now. God bless you and keep you. Your pupil,

Louise

I am just asking you to sent me and Jerome more lessons at a time. If so I would like you to sent me about 2 or 3 at a time as we always get finished before the others start. So I hope I don't ask you too much. I just love doing them. I just do them as a hobby or so. Happy Easter to you. Is there some more snow up in Edmonton as there is none down here for a long time. And some are working on the land already. So thank you from

Lucy

Thank you for my lessons. I enjoyed them very much but feel careless about this last lesson. We moved into a new house and just now are being able to find things. We trust it won't happen again.

Our new house is out in the country and the river is right across the road. I have my own rod and real to fish with, I got it for passing my grade. We have two dogs at home ones a baby and the other is the mother, she had 8 pups, we gave them all away except one. We also have a rabbit and a buggie bird. My brother started school this fall and we go on the school bus. I like my teacher in grade five very much. I have taken my First Communion, but haven't been confirmed. My little sister is four years old and she wants you to know that she loves Jesus. God bless you all.

Barbara

My mom and dad are sick with the flu. Sorry im late late with my lesson. God bless you thank you.

Colleen

I'm sorry I didn't send my lessons last time. I put it in my little book and I forgot to take it out again. When I started to do my other one I found it. So I am sending it this time. Sincerely your pupil,

Theresa

I received your letter yesterday with the papers. I have been putting pennys in the box. It is nearly full. Easter is over now and I got a big Easter basket from one of our neighbours Aunty Febee. (Phoebe?) She isn't really my aunt I just call her that and so does everyone else. Let's get back to Easter things hey! I got some Easter things from another neighbor to. I got some Easter eggs and a Easter rabbit. I got some Jacks and some barets from my real Auanty Anna and Uncle John and cousins Sharon, Ricky, Elizebeth. I got a cup that whistle from my grandma with some candy in it to. I haven't very much to say. I am sending you some of my Easter eggs for you. With love to all,

Lynda.

I wish to express my thanks for many years of lessons it has brought me a very spiritual life. I am going to Sisters school now. I also think with the Sisters cathicism I fined I haven't time for these. I believe they will cover what you are. I thank you very much. Also I am returning the last lesson for correction. Thank you very much. Sincerely a former pupil,

Adeline

Will you please let me know how much I owe you as I have no idea.* It is a wonderful course and it has helped the children very much indeed. They have really worked hard and enjoyed it too.

Father G., who visits us once a year, was up last week and was very pleased with the children's progress. We had the great joy of Mass and Holy Communion for three days!

My neighbour is also a Catholic and has a little girl of five. She wonders if you have a course of instructions for a five-year old. If so, I will have her write to you herself.

Please dear Sister remember us in your prayers sometimes. We need so much spiritual help. Sincerely,

Mrs. R.

*Ed. note—there is no charge for these correspondence lessons in religion.

BOIL IS NOW USED UP LOOKING FOR THE CAN OPENER.

S.O.S.-ogram

Rear-Admiral Pullen, Father Murphy, Anniko and members of the Hungarian Club, Halifax.

Halifax. Wearing the colours of the Hungarian flag in her blonde hair, young Anniko Madarasz was taken to meet the Flag Officer, Atlantic Coast, at the S.O.S. Residential Club recently. Anniko presented a cheque for $100 to Rear Admiral Hugh F. Pullen, chairman of the Nova Scotia Committee for World Refugee Year. The money was subscribed by members of the Hungarian Club which meet at the S.O.S. Residence every month. Reverend Richard Murphy, who is shown beside Rear Admiral Pullen in the picture, is chaplain to the Hungarian group.

Sinnett, Saskatchewan. May 7th was warm and sunny—ideal for the 4H Achievement Day. Mr. Wedel, the Superintendent of Schools, was present as well as a most encouraging number of parents. The work done by the girls was very good, the highlight of the day was the modelling of dresses and sports outfits which the girls had made. Ten girls had complete charge of the program, reports, presentations et cetera. Betty Staniec won a $5.00 prize, presented by the Manager of the Royal Bank in Lanigan, for the top dress and record book. Bernadette Paproskie and Mary Cunningham had the highest aggregates. Many red ribbons were awarded. Sister Trautman, to whom much of the credit for the club's success is due, is shown in the picture with two of her Loyola Nifty Stitchers.

Sister Trautman and two of her Nifty Stitchers.

A MAN BECOMES WISE BY WATCHING

S.O.S. Convent, left foreground; new Rectory and Parish Hall in background and new Roycroft Church, right foreground.

Rycroft, Alberta. This has been a banner year for Rycroft in many ways. Reverend Father Paquin, our devoted pastor, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination on May 29 and on that day the new church was blessed. On Ascension Thursday 50 children were confirmed by His Excellency, Most Reverend H. Routhier, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Grouard. During Holy Week and at Easter the church was filled to capacity at all services. And on a slightly lower plane, Jane Schmenko, one of Sister Frances Coffey's students won the Public Speaking contest. Spiritually Rycroft has come a long way in a few years! Shown in the picture from left to right, are the S.O.S. convent, the rectory and parish hall somewhat back of the convent, and the new church.

Toronto. The Sisters of Service Auxiliary of the Toronto Residential Club held a Day of Recollection at the Mother House early in May. The conferences were given by Reverend J. Krajcar, S.J. of the Jesuit Seminary, Toronto. The Auxiliary brought a successful year to a close with a pilgrimage to Martyrs' Shrine on June 5th.

Christian Island. Across the blackboard in the front of her classroom Sister MacLellan has the legend . . . **"Prayer changes everything."** One day recently John and Eddie were kept in after school to study the five times table which neither could master. After much concentration, Eddie got it down pat but John was still in a fog. Eager to help his struggling companion Eddie said, "Why don't you pray, John? I did and prayer changes everything."

WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM WHEN HE ISN'T.

Book Reviews

Recent Apparitions of Our Lady by Edward Conner, 99 pp. Academy Library Guild, Box 549, Fresno, California. $2.95.

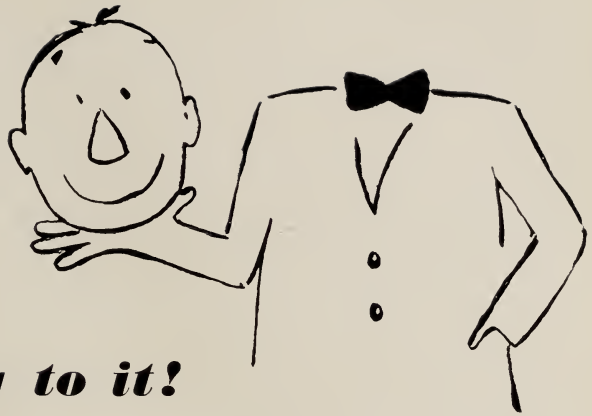
This short book narrates, in sequence, the principal authenticated apparitions of Our Lady since she appeared to St. Catherine Labouré, as Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, in 1830. The author covers the apparitions at Paris, LaSalette, Lourdes, Pontmain, Pellevoisin, Fatima, Beauraing and Banneux. There are three brief appendices; the first mentions other apparitions of Our Lady, authenticated and non-authenticated, in the 19th century. The second reports the alleged 30 to 50 apparitions of Our Lady since Fatima. The third appendix discusses Lourdes and Fatima as portrayed by Hollywood.

Mr. Conner's style is dignified and restrained. He reports facts without rhapsodizing or romanticising. The result is an austere and simple reverence in his narrative which is becoming to both the subject and the message. Two words adequately sum up all of the approved messages—Prayer, Penance.

This reviewer approached the book with a jaundiced eye. The unrestrained exaltation with regard to apparitions, which is exhibited by novelty-seekers, does nothing to strengthen either faith or devotion. Mr. Conner's book is refreshing in this respect. In Appendix B he quotes the words of Cardinal Ottaviani, Assessor of the Holy Office, ". . . The Church is the enemy of the false miracle. A good Catholic knows from his catechism that the true religion rests on the true Faith, on Revelation, which ended with the death of the last Apostle, and has been entrusted to the Church, its interpreter and custodian. Nothing else necessary to our salvation can be revealed to us. There is nothing more for which we must look. We have everything if we wish to make use of it. Even the most accredited vision can furnish us with new motives for fervour but not with new elements of life or doctrine . . ."

It is in the spirit of the above quotation that **Recent Apparitions of Our Lady** is written. The book should be a welcome addition to parish, home, school and convent libraries.

THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAY.



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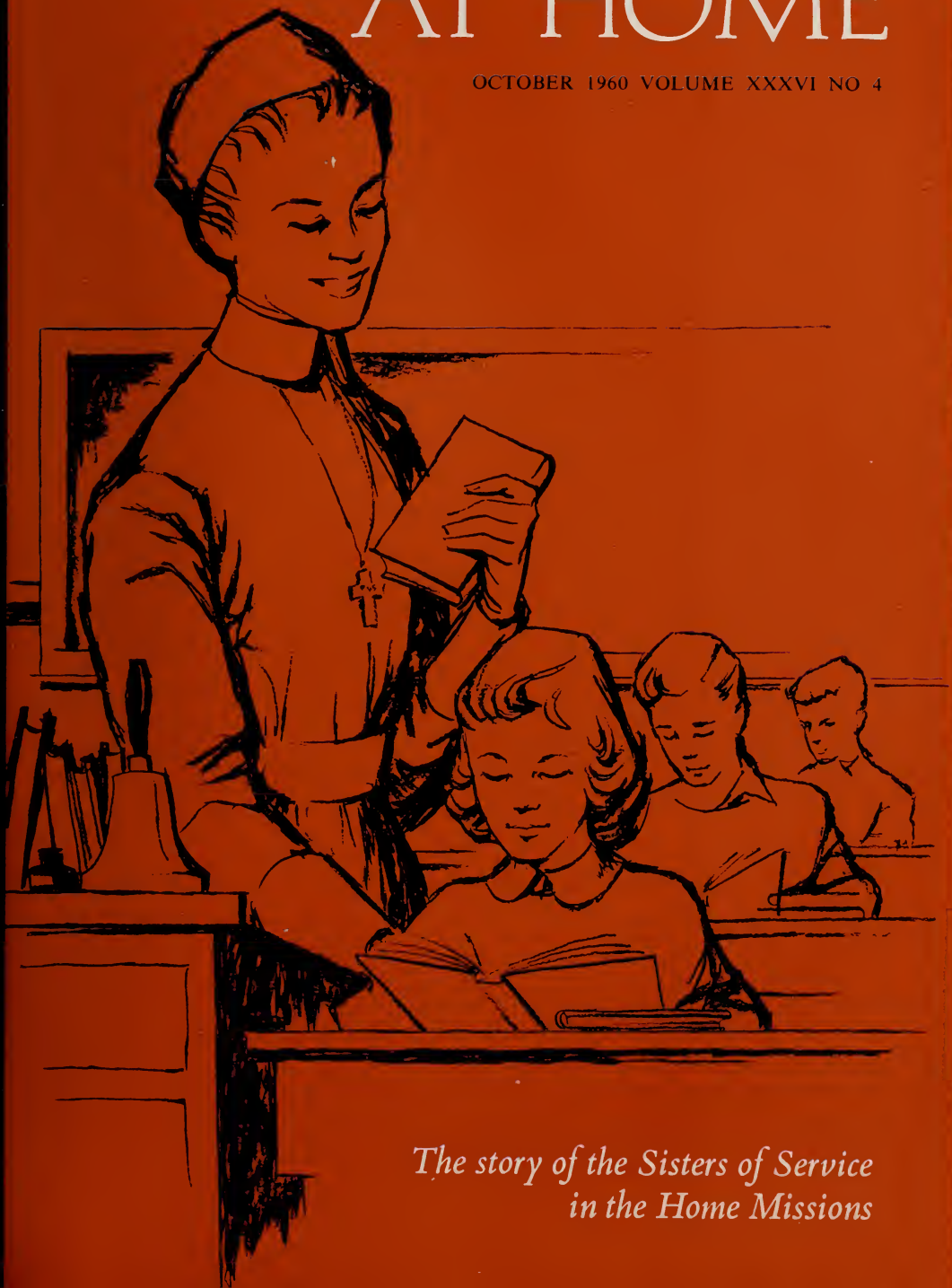
THE FIELD AT HOME

OCTOBER 1960 VOLUME XXXVI NO 4



The story of the Sisters of Service in the Home Missions

THE FIELD AT HOME

VOLUME XXXVI NO. 4 OCTOBER 1960

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Cover design by NEWFELD & SCOTT STUDIO

OUR COVER this issue, in tune with the season, illustrates the good work of the Sister of Service in schools. Whether she is in public schools, without her cap and cross, or in the Catholic schools, the Sister serves with devotion in the field of education and in the moulding of character.

The newly elected Sister General of the Sisters of Service with her Councillors. Left to right, Sister Mary Quinn; Sister Agnes Dwyer, Sister General; Sister Catherine Schmeltzer; Sister Mary Fitzmaurice and Sister Nora Fitzpatrick.

We ask our readers to join their prayers to ours that the Holy Spirit will enlighten Sister General and her Council in their important work of guiding our Institute.

Memo

from the Editor's desk

S.O.S. in the Vicariate Apostolic of Grouard

Two articles and a picture-story in this issue of The Field at Home feature the S.O.S. missions at Rycroft, Peace River and Manning in the Peace River district of northern Alberta.

It was on the feast of St. Michael in 1944 that Sisters Quinn, Brunning and Waltrude Donnelly arrived in Rycroft to establish our first mission in the north country. Sister Donnelly taught in the Rycroft Public school. Sister Quinn and Sister Brunning set about establishing a dormitory for Catholic children from the surrounding districts who came to school in Rycroft.

Sixteen years has somewhat changed the nature of the work in Rycroft. Improved road conditions and the school-van system have eliminated the need for a dormitory. A new and larger school has been built. The three sisters on the faculty work with a principal and lay-teachers of various denominations. Besides the regular school activities, the sisters teach catechism, work with Sodality and Knights of the Altar, train the parish choir and do extensive home-visiting.

Peace River welcomed the S.O.S. in 1950 when Sisters Gertrude Walsh and Mary MacDougall moved into the rectory-become-convent. Their programme was confined, at first, to music lessons, teaching catechism and visiting, visiting, visiting.

Now, in 1960, Peace River Catholics point proudly to Immaculate Conception School with its 10 classrooms housing more than 200 students in Grades I to XI. The Sisters have moved into their own convent and the Fathers have returned from a temporary shack to the original rectory. As in Rycroft, the extra-curricular activities are many and varied.

A MAN SHOULD BE LIKE TEA; HIS REAL STRENGTH

The village of Manning was not quite five years old when Sisters Black and Mary MacDougall opened a mission there in 1952. A Catholic school had been built by the zealous pastor and his generous parishioners. Once again music lessons, choir training, home and hospital visiting rounded out the teaching programme. Living conditions were primitive and rugged enough to satisfy the most missionary heart.

In Manning too the work has been blessed. Rosary School has been enlarged. As in Peace River, there are over 200 students in Grades I to XI. A new convent has been built for the sisters. There is no church yet but it will come and the spacious school auditorium does double duty as a church.

In all three of these missions the Sisters are privileged to be associated with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. These great-souled, great-hearted missionaries, from His Excellency Bishop Routhier down to the most-recently-ordained are consumed with zeal for the extension and solidifying of Christ's Kingdom on earth. May God bless their selfless apostolate.

Please Dear Subscribers:

As this issue of **The Field at Home** goes to press, we are checking our mailing list and will be sending subscription renewal notices to many of our good subscribers. Please, dear Subscribers, show your mission-mindedness, unfurl the apostolic spirit which is a part of your Catholic Faith, send in your renewal and help us spread the good news of God's love in the Home Mission Field.

FOR PARENTS TO PONDER

"Of all the evil results of secularization, one of the most pernicious is the way in which it attacks religious vocations. Secularism is a modern name for what Our Lord called 'serving two masters' — God and mankind. Hence it is that the secularist Catholic — even a faithful Mass-attender, Friday-abstainer, Easter-duty-fulfiller — would feel disappointed or hesitant about a religious vocation in his family. As for encouraging a vocation — that is one too many. "Strangling vocations is probably the most far-reaching and basic evil in secularism, because it cuts down the means of grace for so many. It is like paralyzing the officer corps of a warring nation."

DOES THIS APPLY TO YOU?

APPEARING WHEN HE GETS INTO HOT WATER

Silver Trumpets Calling

Statistics uninteresting and dull? No. Statistics move and change, they lead and beckon. Ah, they lead and beckon. They beckon where we would not follow. They might disturb our cherished status quo. They might jostle us out of the comfortable ruts in which we jog along, not realizing that the difference between a rut and a grave is only a matter of depth.

There are no comfortable ruts for those who spread the Gospel of Christ Our Lord throughout the world. There were no comfortable ruts for those who pushed back mountains, rivers and forests to build our country.

You who read, don't **just** read. Ponder, compare — act.

	ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO	VICARIATE OF GROUARD
Area	4,600 square miles	120,000 square miles
Catholic population	350,000	26,435
Priests	540	80
Sisters	1,300	239
Churches	150	88 { 8 of these churches seat at least 400, 80 seat less than 400
Hospitals	6 (total bed capacity 2,071)	5 (total bed capacity 251)
Students in Catholic schools	53,000	6,018

Let the statistics of your own and every other diocese be as silver trumpets calling you to the complete fulfillment of your role as a member of the Mystical Body.

What will you as an apostolic, mission-minded Catholic do to complement the dedicated zeal of priests and religious in their work of preserving, strengthening and spreading the Faith? Think well on it. Your decision to do or not to do may seem unimportant NOW. But what of ETERNITY?

THRIFT IS A WONDERFUL VIRTUE — ESPECIALLY IN ANCESTORS

Rycroft
Peace River
Manning

Presenting
the S.O.S. in the
Peace River district of
Northern Alberta where they
teach, catechize and do social
work in the rugged and lovely North.

A Teacher's Prayer

O Lord, upon the paten
At daily Mass
I place my offering —
This, my class.

If in a work or deed of mine
Thy love they trace,
Or glimpse Thy beauty all divine,
It is Thy grace.

Would I each eager soul so close
To Thee could press,
Veronica-like, each might reflect
Thy holiness.

Report from Rycroft

Sister M. Phillips

The little hand waved excitedly. It was Grade I story time and the title of the **Mother West Wind** tale was "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World." The author's answer was "love" but my tow-haired theologian, whose hand was waving with such persistence, told us "God is the most beautiful thing in the world." He was right because, as St. John tells us, God is Love.

Outside the Catholic school system there are thousands upon thousands of God's children — Catholic and non-Catholic alike — who are thirsting for knowledge of the God of Love. As Catholics we have the wealth of God to distribute among "all nations". In Rycroft and its environs the people are drawn, quite literally, from all nations. The specific work of the Rycroft mission is to bring the God of Love to the children and the people in this extensive district through teaching in the public school.

I first meet the little folk in the first grade when they come on September first, timorously hugging a brown paper bag of lunch. We accompany them through the vicissitudes of growing up until the long-awaited day when they don cap and gown and step out, through graduation, into the world of their dreams. This graduation day is a very big event in the life of a rural boy or girl. We discovered this year that almost all the family try on the cap and gown when it goes home for last minute alterations. The usual routine is disturbed on the "big night" too. One of my first-graders told me, "Herbie doesn't have to feed the pigs tonight because he's going to put that hat on!"

The Sodality of Our Lady and the Knights of the Altar provide means of special contact with groups which meet regularly out of school hours. These organizations provide a potent way to strengthen the Christ-life in these budding members of tomorrow's society.

JOY IS NOT A WHISTLING IN THE DARK, BUT A SINGING IN THE DAWN

Visiting the homes means visiting the pets. Sister Eileen Dwyer admires a baby chick.

We meet the grown-ups at **Home and School** meetings, at choir practice, in hospitals in time of sickness or when the Angel of Death has left a lonely heart to grieve. Above all, it is in their homes that we get acquainted with the adults.

Recently my child-guides accompanied me on my after-school pop calls to their parents. One day we left by car for a distant farm house. En route Ann told me that their road was being repaired. It was the understatement of the year! When we reached the road it was piled high with brush which was being bulldozed out along with tremendous scoops of clay. With the help of St. Christopher and a good little old-model Chevy, we finally arrived at the granary home to be welcomed with open arms.

As another school term opens I look forward to all the things I'll enjoy with and learn from my young charges. Examples? I learned lately that Mary's little lamb was **chucked** out of school by the teacher. During a recent readiness test the direction given was "Mark 16 balls." Joey looked up completely non-plussed. "Holy cow, Sister, how many are 16?"

Do you wonder that we love them?

A child is a pledge of immortality, for he bears upon him in figure those high and eternal excellences in which the joy of heaven consists, and which would not thus be shadowed forth by the all-gracious Creator, were they not one day to be realized. Cardinal Newman

USE YOUR HEAD. IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

Sister Deighan stands by with Joann and Billy Vandenberg as Mr. Bennett, our A-1 janitor and indispensable member of our staff raises the flag on a new day and on a

PICTURE STORY OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL IN PEACE RIVER ALBERTA

PICTURES AND TEXT —

Sister M. M. Denis

Mrs. Sheehan presides over the all-important Grade Ones, over their hearts as well as their school work. Here she is shown with three of her budding scholars.

Sister Denis holds the mike while some members of the Junior-Senior High School drama class tape a radio play. Left to right the performers are Gerald Fraser, Patsy Thomas, Kurt Handfield and Shirley Ann Dupperon.

THE SAFEST WAY TO DOUBLE YOUR MONEY IS TO

Sister Mill, who carried on as Principal and teacher in the High School until 3 weeks before her death last May, is shown in the chemistry lab. with Barry Copping, Gerry Copping and Marion Tesche.

On the lighter side of school life Sister Mill throws the puck for a face-off between Brian Copping (left) and Billy Paul. Gerald Fraser is goalie.

Leaving home at 6:00 a.m., Joseph, David and Henry Gunning walked six miles to and from Peace River to attend Mass on Saturday morning. The altar boys were making a spiritual bouquet for Reverend Father Bruckert's Silver Jubilee. Sorry for themselves? Judging by their expressions—no!

While teachers and pupils learn, Sister Sullivan who is Superior of Peace River mission, tends the garden and the house, teaches catechism, trains altar boys, visits the hospital and homes and remails and distributes Catholic literature. What she does with her spare time is "top secret".

Manning Memories

Sister Mary MacDougall

When I left Manning on a lovely evening last June after a stay of eight years, my mind was full of happy and consoling memories. I thought of all the wonderful work I had done. (Don't be alarmed, dear reader — I'll explain that statement later.) My memory went back to that day in August 1952, on the feast of St. Rose of Lima, when Sister Black and I arrived in Manning to open the most northerly mission of the Sisters of Service. Never did missionaries receive a warmer welcome than we. The Catholics of three parishes, Manning, Notikewin and North Star, left nothing undone to show their appreciation for having Sisters in their midst. Their warm welcome and Christ-like charity, shown first on that day in 1952, has continued to the present time. Not a week passes that we do not have proof of this; someone at the convent door with a gift for the Sisters, ranging from a small jar of preserved wild strawberries to a large side of pork. In the fall we receive garden stuff, both fresh and canned. From the homesteads farther north comes an occasional juicy roast of venison (memo to the R.C.M.P. — this is **always** in the hunting season!) The spirit behind this giving is not mere neighbourly kindness — that may be practised by any pagan — it is more than that. It is that deep spirit of faith which permeates the life of the real Catholic, the Catholic who realizes that he is a member of the Mystical Body and that anything done for a member of that Body is done for Christ Himself. Among our friends in Manning we count many Catholics of this kind. There are also, alas, in that vast northern country, many of the other kind, dead branches on the Vine. That is what keeps it still a missionary country.

As I rode along on the bus that June evening I gazed idly at the evening star. Being a dedicated star-gazer, my mind harked back to those winter nights when watching the heavens is such a thrilling experience. I thought of those frosty nights when I went outdoors for a few minutes just to see what was going on among my heavenly friends. There they were, flashing like diamonds against black velvet. The mighty Orion, striding to the hunt, followed by Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, brilliant and scintillating like a great blue diamond. Within this constellation is Betelgeuse, glowing

like a dark red coal. The planet Jupiter and the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, are easily identified throughout the winter. Venus, hanging like a huge golden lamp in the sky, seems near enough to touch. Once and only once I saw Venus in the arms of the new moon, a rare and beautiful sight. I saw this in February 1953 and although I watched for the seven following winters I was never again able to see that precise arrangement of those planets. A few winters ago we saw a comet in the northern sky; it could be seen for several nights, gradually growing dimmer and at last fading from sight.

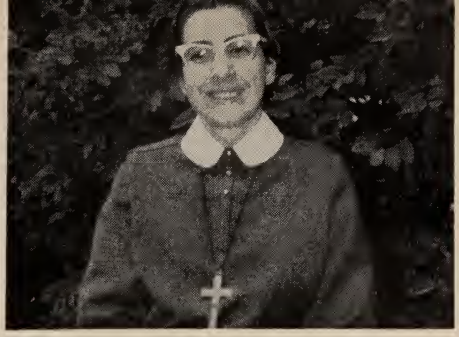
Also in my thoughts that evening was our beautiful new St. Pius X convent. If anyone were ever to doubt the devotion and fatherly kindness of our Bishop and our Pastor, the convent is concrete evidence to refute any doubts in the matter.

When our little house was suddenly too small for our numbers we asked the parish for a new one — and got it. The work was begun in May 1959 and we moved into the new building in January 1960. It isn't often in this vale of tears that delightful dreams of this sort come true so quickly. The realization of this dream was due entirely to our beloved pastor, Father James Hermann, O.M.I. In his usual business-like manner he attacked this problem as he attacks all others — praying as if everything depended on God and working as if everything depended on him, and I mean WORKING. He mobilized the men of the parish to dig the hole, put up the forms, pour the cement, put up the walls and all the many other things that go into the building of a house. The plans for the house, down to the last detail, were drawn up by Father before anything was begun and they were followed to the letter. When we moved in it was almost unbelievable that after living for eight years in a too-small house with no conveniences, we now had plenty of room with the luxury of running water, plumbing, laundry tubs et cetera. In reality the new convent is a modest enough building as to size and materials, but to us it was something of a miracle. In planning the interior of it we decided that, since God made all colours and therefore they must be good, and since coloured paint costs no more than white, there should be no drabness. So we chose primrose yellow, chartreuse green, carnation pink and Our Lady's blue for various rooms in the house. All woodwork is blonded and varnished; the linoleums are cheerful. The net result is a joy to behold. Our chapel is simple, but we love its pale primrose walls, the altar set in a small niche designed for that purpose. Narrow amber and mauve glass windows on either side of the altar let in soft light which changes in colour according to the time of the day. At the end of February our dear Bishop, Most Reverend H. Routhier, O.M.I., made a special trip to Manning to bless our convent. When His Excellency came to the chapel he gave the blessing for a church, presumably because there is as yet no church in Manning.

I said at the beginning that I was thinking of all the wonderful work I had done in Manning. Well, the word "work" belongs to me and means absolutely nothing; the word "wonderful" belongs to Him who does the work Himself and then gives us the reward.

MIDDLE AGE IS WHEN YOU BEGIN TO

Perpetual Vows —
Sister Francis Coffey,
Toronto, Ont.



First Profession —
Sister Carmelita Camozz,
Rossland, B.C.

At Headquarters

All roads lead to Toronto, or so it seemed this past July. From Newfoundland to British Columbia, from North Dakota to northern Alberta, sister-delegates to the General Chapter converged on the Mother House.

On July 6th the Chapter convened and on July 9th Sister General and her Council were elected. During the three days before the elections, preliminary meetings were held and a conference to the capitulars followed by Benediction was given each evening by Very Reverend J. F. Coghlan, C.Ss.R. Father Coghlan also presided at the election of the General Council whose members are, Reverend Sister Agnes Dwyer, Sister General; Reverend Sister Mary Quinn, First Councillor; Reverend Sister Mary Fitzmaurice, Second Councillor; Reverend Sister Nora Fitzpatrick, Third Councillor and Reverend Sister Catherine Schmeltzer, Fourth Councillor.

The time of the General Chapter is a time of joyous reunions; it is a time of prayer — that the light of the Holy Spirit may illumine the minds of the capitulars. It is a time when decisions of far-reaching consequence must be made. It is a time for developing and strengthening the elements which will keep our Institute a vitally functioning branch on the mighty tree which is the Church.

The Chapter over, the delegates dispersed as quickly as they had come. Only a few remained for the retreat at the Novitiate from August 6th to 15th. The retreat was preached by Reverend Joseph Dever, C.Ss.R. On August 15th, following the beautiful Gregorian Mass for the feast of the Assumption, Sister Carmelita Camozzi, Rossland, B.C. made her first profession and Sister Frances Coffey, Toronto, Ont., made her perpetual vows. Reverend Bernard Coffey, C.Ss.R., Sister Coffey's uncle, offered the High Mass and presided at the Profession ceremony.

"Mary, of who

is born Jesus"

Do not labour, I pray you, to describe with charm of fancy and eloquence each trait of Mary's character. Of whatever privilege you speak, or of whatever dignity, it is enough to have once said, "Mary of whom is born Jesus." This praise is indeed brief, but in its very briefness it contains all that can be said. No, I beg of you, tarry not in studious effort to tell in detail every perfection which is hers. There is one word which better than a thousand books expresses what the Virgin Mother is. What then is that one word? "Mary, of whom is born Jesus." Behold why the Gospels speak so rarely of her. That one word is quite enough. What would you wish to hear about this Most Blessed Virgin? That she is humble, pure, full of grace, dowered with all holiness. What? Could it be that you could conceive of her as though she were proud, or impure, irritable or foolish? Nay, rather, what gentle glory, what clear, sweet innocence, what maiden-like reserve, what winning grace, what holy gift can have been wanting in "Mary, of whom is born Jesus!" Gaze, then, in thought upon the noblest ideal of which you can, in your fondest fancy, dream. Let your mind soar free from all fetter that would limit its flight. Set no barrier to your meditative love. Think of her, beautiful above all creatures that are of earth. Think of her, holy above all angels that are of heaven. Think of her, prudent, pure, humble, majestic, gentle, strong. Think of her, meek and lovable as she is admirable and queenlike. You have not yet been able to express what is that one word. She is more excellent, more perfect than your ideal. For she is "Mary, of whom is born Jesus."

St. Thomas of Villanova

Life's Opportunity

Life is measured by its opportunities. These stand at the crossroads of our short existence and give it its orientation. In every life there is one opportunity that makes or, if lost, breaks it. It often hinges on a trifle . . . the meeting of a friend, the reading of a book, a sermon heard . . .

A missed opportunity in one's life is always a matter of regret. At times it is nothing less than a tragedy. The thought of "what might have been" haunts the soul down the long avenue of years, to the very threshold of death.

To make the best use of the few years we spend upon earth is undoubtedly life's golden opportunity. But how many miss it! The consecration of our life to the service of God and His Church, to the service of souls in the mission field is assurance against this calamity. The Sisters of Service offer this blessing to all who are willing to go as missionaries into the "Field at Home" where the harvest is plentiful and, unfortunately, the harvesters are few.

Geo. T. Daly, C.Ss.R.

For information write:

Reverend Sister General,
Sisters of Service,
2 Wellesley Place,
Toronto 5, Canada.

It is the privilege of the religious teacher to lead little children out of the shadows into the brilliant sunshine of God's knowledge and love.

Just a line to say . . .

Dear Sister,

Hereby do I send the money I lend from you back.

I lend—$16.00 10-1-59
$10.00 17-1-50

$26.00

I thank you very much for helping me.

I send the mony in an letter because I don't know when I be able to come in person. Further I suppose that you need the money for helping other people.

I hope you can read this letter. I never have wrote an letter in English before. Your truly,

Johann

The above letter was received by one of our Sister Port-workers. Johann is a young New Canadian whom the sisters had befriended in a tangible way. Letters like this one are sometimes amusing, sometimes touching, sometimes both. They always provide examples of what our apostolate among New Canadians can and does mean to these people at a time when uncertainty and insecurity threaten to engulf them.

A GENTLEMAN IS JUST AN ORDINARY

From Religious Correspondence Schools in Edmonton, Regina and Fargo, N.D.

Dear Sister.

I say my prayers every night. I have measles. On Friday we had a party at school. My brother is in Grade I. We have 10 lambs 2 of them are black. Your truly,

John

I just felt like writing. I didn't find my catechism very fast. I gave two cats away. My spell words are the following coal, deep, dark. hole, air, light, full, carried and lamp. My favorite subject is reading. I running out of words. good-by. Love,

Debra

I am sending you a picture of myself. I like to do the lessons that you send me. It is fun to learn about Jesus. There are 24 of us in the third grade. there are 10 boys and 14 girls. My teacher is nice. My grandfather bought us 2 ponies this fall. One we can ride and is a lot of fun. Her name is Flicka. the other pony is twinkles. your pupil,

Sheldon

I am writing just a fue lines to tell you How Im. I have a cold. I have to stay in the school. there is another boy named Ronnie had a cold to. I can't wait till catechism starts. How are you I hope you are not sick like I am. We say the rosary after dishes each night. Your friend,

Sandra

I hope you will come and see me some time. I am fine. How are you? I have a baby brother. His name is Ronald John. Ronald can laugh. We had a sick cow. The cow died. I help Mother and Daddy with the chores. Your friend.

Gerald

I have a little calf without a name and 3 horses their names are Peral, Lightnigs and Thunder. I have a bedroom of my own. Thank you for the note that you wrote.

Doris

I am wondering how you are. I'm pretty good thank you. Our family is growing well because we just had a baby sister about two weeks ago. Right now she's sleeping. Before that she was crying her head off then she was given her bottle. So she quit. My mother is fine so is daddy, Paul, David and Diane. Hope your fine too. So I'll be saying goodbye.

Diane

Thank you for my book and lessons and thank you for being my teacher. Love,

Marilyn

Will you please send me two lessons next time. My mother thought she sent my lesson with Ronald's. I'm in third grade this year. My birthday is Sept. 14 and I'm

PERSON WITH A FEW SMALL DEFERENCES

8 years old. We have a new preist this year and I like him. I have a picture for you. I made my First Communion in August. I like catechism very well. I like my catechism and school teacher. I have a pet cat and kittens. Their names are Gravy, Fluffy, Stripy, Tiger, Fussface and one is not named and some of a dog named King. Richard has two rabbits. With love,

Debra

Thank you for the medal that you gave me. I liked it very much. I will wear it as long as it lasts. I like school very much. I work very hard in school. But I like your church lessons best of all. We are going to have a Halloween party in school. I am going to have a funny Halloween costume at the party. Your pupil,

Gary

We are getting your lessons. I am saying my prayers every night but sometimes I forget to say them in the morning. I hope that I won't forget them any more. We pray together in our family. We say the rosary every night. We say are thanks when we eat. I have 7 brothers and sisters. 3 brothers and 4 sisters. Mother just got Charlie he is 7 months old. I like to do this kind of lessons. I go to the public school and ride on a bus. I hope I go to heven when I die. God bless you.

Karen

How are you? I am fine. I have the chicken poxs. I don't like to have them they itch so much. Danny is sick he is my cousin. Earl and I got the chicken poxs at the same time. Mikey has the chicken poxs still a little bit. I had to miss school on Friday. Mother is getting 300 chicks tomorrow. Well good by. Your friend,

Sandra

Linda and Cheryl whom I have been teaching for years and for whom you have so kindly been sending lessons, sent in lessons to you right up to Christmas, and now they tell me that they had a letter from you saying that you had not received their lessons since November. I can't understand this, they must have been lost in the mail. The girls felt so badly over this and so did I, as they love and enjoy the work so much, and not getting their lessons has been a set-back to them.

I know you will send them lessons as soon as you hear from me. I ask God's blessing on you and your wonderful work and please pray for me. I am a cancer victim and have a sick husband and a hard time to make both ends meet. But it is wonderful how one gets the strength to carry on and to manage. I am not complaining as I can pay my way. Somehow my little pension carries us through. Please pray for me. I am pretty well at times, and then, at others, not so well. Gratefully,

Mrs. M.B.

We are very happy that our son Heinz has the opportunity to receive your catechism lessons, and realize that you must have enormous expenses in providing this service. Therefore we would like to make a contribution, even that it is a small one, as a sign of our appreciation and gratitude. Enclosed are $5.00 with best wishes for your good work. Sincerely,

Mr. and Mrs. R.*

*This is a family of New Canadians living in the interior of B.C.

Enclosed you will find $1.00 to cover the cost of the little book, "Jesus and I." I would like three more such books if you can spare them. Thank you for sending the lessons to the children. We, the parents, also find them interesting in the simple way everything is explained. God bless your fine works. Sincerely,

Mrs. D.M.

Somehow the lesson No. 17 for Michael on "The Commandments" has been misplaced. We have been unable to find it. Would you please send No. 17 and 18 for Michael, also 15 and 16 for Harold, so we can always have a lesson here to work on. Thank you.

Since Michael did not learn the Commandments in a previous lesson, I asked him to do that and write them out this week. Thank you for the magazines you sent early in September.

You will be pleased to know that because of your careful lesson plans, Sanford, who is attending Vancouver College always has high marks in Religion — in the 90's. Yours truly,

Mrs. M.C.

A CONSERVATIVE IS A MAN WHO DOESN'T THINK

North Dakota, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia on the Religious Vacation School Trail

To save the Catholic child to the Faith is one of the works on which the Sisters of Service have centred their efforts. During the holiday season they travel to outlying districts where the opportunities for Catholic instruction hardly exist. How these poor neglected children warm up to their visit! How they love to pray and sing hymns with the Sisters!

These visits are necessarily of short duration. The field to be covered is so great. Yet when the Sisters leave they carefully bring with them each child's address. During the remainder of the year the children will receive instruction by mail. This correspondence is like a life-line thrown out to the children who, very often, are drifting listlessly, in danger of submersion by the rising waters of indifference.

Father Daly

Fargo Forum

Sister Helen Hayes

It was recess time at the annual Religious Vacation School in Argusville, just 19 miles out of Fargo, North Dakota. The children were in the midst of an obstacle race when an unfamiliar car drove up. As soon as the two passengers got out it was obvious that they were reporters.

Equipped with notebook and ready-to-flash camera they came from the city newspaper, **Fargo Forum.** The assembly of children appeared to them to be a form of supervised summer recreation. They were amazed to hear that every day for two weeks these forty children came by car, from within a radius of 10 to 16 miles, for religious instruction.

We told the reporters about our work as catechists in the summer months. We outlined our daily programme, emphasizing that in Argusville we were assisted by two lay catechists. It was at this point that one of the men asked who we were, since we were in uniform. The usual questions followed when we replied that we were Catholic sisters.

Supplied with bare, cold facts, the reporters left as quickly as they had come. Behind bare facts there are interesting stories. In the case of a sister-catechist there is the striving toward a goal to be reached within a given time.

A sister knows some time in advance when she will be going out to teach in religious vacation schools. Once the problem of packing all her necessary teaching aids has been solved, and it is a big one, there is nothing to hinder the sister in her desire to reach the children, children whom she has been destined from all eternity to teach.

The sister-catechist realizes that the mind and heart of a child can be compared to a field in which we plant the seed of the word of God. Her responsibility is to plant the seed in a way that will result in spiritual growth. We have to do more than merely prepare the children to receive the Sacraments. Knowledge is a means to an end in teaching religion. The end is the growth of the child in the likeness of Christ. The last sentence runs through my mind and is before me as much as possible; but other challenges are before me as well when a day at religious vacation school is in session.

In this age of self-expression, TV, jets, speed and constant motion, it is more than a competition to cope with any one of the above, let alone all of them at once. However we cannot throw up our hands in horror or despair at the pace of the world. We have to move along with it, being wise as serpents. There seems to be no

COORDINATOR — ONE WHO CAN BRING ORGANIZED

happy medium between the days when children were seen and not heard and today's children of no inhibitions. The difficulty in class is that self is not usually expressed at the right time or in the proper manner.

Dramatization of the doctrine taught stimulates the ever-ready, ever-eager imagination of the children. It increases understanding of the lesson which leads to greater appreciation of the doctrine. Most important of all, it demonstrates how well the children have grasped the doctrine they were taught. This, of course, is the essential aim in presenting the drama; the second aim is to afford the children a chance to let off their excess steam.

Religious vacation school dramatization is of the free and spontaneous type. All the preparation needed for this is to tell the story and suggest, "Let's act the story now. Who will be Mary, or the Angel Gabriel?" There are more volunteers than parts to be played but that is taken care of by a repeat performance with different players or a different story and play. The children produce their own sound effects and, I assure you, they do an excellent job.

One "St. Joseph" had quite a flare for acting and a flow of speech all his own. When the performers arrived in Bethlehem, as they enacted the story of Christmas, and were settled in the shelter they had found, St. Joseph spoke to Mary in a business-like way: "You stay here, Mary, while I go to town and get some groceries. I'm taking the donkey." Needless to say Mary obeyed. Dramatizations provide an opportunity for pupil participation and are a learning activity which the children thoroughly enjoy.

Dramas, such as they are, do not use all our time. Classes include many teaching techniques with the usual irrelevances intruding themselves at intervals. Out of turn and without bearing on the lesson being given, one little boy volunteered, "Sister, today is Mommy's and Daddy's anniversary." He was six. I asked which anniversary. Proudly he told me, "Its the 40th and my daddy is 38 years old." His eight-year-old brother at an adjoining table quickly corrected the statement to 14th anniversary.

When they were being briefed for a class meditation I said to the children, "Now think of Jesus and what He is doing. Make the picture in your mind, see it as clearly as you can when you are thinking about it." One questioned quickly, "Which channel do we use to get that picture, Sister? I keep on seeing Zorro." TV is the predominating factor in their little lives. Most of their voluntary sacrifices made for Jesus were written thus: "I mist a TV program of cartons." (I missed a TV program of cartoons.)

The **Fargo Forum** reporters had bare facts, but behind the facts were objectives. Little did they know that within the four walls of the frame church the catechists were endeavouring to train children to the conscious fulfillment of the Will of God. What higher motive could one give children, the potential leaders of tomorrow, the future saints of heaven. It is the privilege of the catechist to obey Christ's command, "Go and teach . . . and bear fruit." Christ's words do not change for each century. They are the same, yesterday, today and forever. He will be looking for fruit.

Experiences of a Lay Catechist

Anne Skavinski

As I took the train home from Yorkton for the Easter holidays I thought long and lovingly of my coming graduation and the two months of summer vacation. Ah, the good summer! I wondered what it would bring. My wondering stopped next day when our parish priest, Reverend J. Mendyka, asked me if I would like to teach catechism in the mission of Oakburn for two weeks during the coming summer.

A week later, back at Sacred Heart Academy in Yorkton, I could hardly wait to tell Sister Benedict my news. With no little excitement I began the two months of training given by the sisters to would-be-catechists. This period was like a ride on a fast train, the different events taking place were like the posts flying by.

The first day of catechism opened with Mass at 9 a.m. Then at 10 classes officially opened with Father Mendyka asking the usual questions and getting some unusual answers. By noon the grand total of pupils was 18. The afternoon started off on the wrong foot. The questions I asked were too easy — ten hands would go up and five answers pop at me. I began to doubt my powers as a disciplinarian. At last the clock slowly ticked to four.

After that first day on my own with nothing organized, a Sister of Service from Winnipeg came to my rescue. Sister Hudon, a tall sister with twinkling brown eyes, arrived. In no time at all she changed from a complete stranger to one of the family. Mom and Dad found that Sister was a good listener to their tales of the old days and the "old country." I found out that Sister was a fresh air fiend.

As soon as I showed Sister to her room she asked to have the window opened. This was impossible because the storm window was still on. But that didn't stop Sister Hudon! She generously offered to hold the ladder if I would climb the roof and remove the window. All went well until I got on the higher roof and realized that I was wearing suede shoes minus grips. Slowly edging my way up the high, slanted roof my hands were turning white as I hung on for dear life. My heart beat heavily. Suddenly I heard a far-away yell. Yes, it was

GROWING OLD IS A BAD HABIT WHICH

Mother screaming directions at me from almost a quarter of a mile away in the garden. As I looked down the 20 feet to the ground I had a glimpse of Sister Hudon nervously saying her beads. I relaxed for a moment then continued to inch my way up to the top where, at last, I sat at my destination. The rest was simple — jumping to the lower roof, taking the window off, passing it through the open window and, last of all, crawling in myself.

The next day was a day of order. Sister apparently established discipline just by walking in. Haloes seemed to appear out of thin air. Perhaps because the first thing Sister did was to open the windows and door!

Every morning Dad drove us the seven miles from our farm to Oakburn church. Often the keen enthusiasm with which I started my teaching duties each day had faded by the time Dad called for us at four o'clock. By that time I usually had serious doubts about the wisdom of making teaching my career. Dad always had a fine supply of encouragement and Mother always had tea ready, hot or cold. With three people laughing at my fears I was forced to see the funny side of the day's events. Mother would say, "Leave the dishes. Go and prepare tomorrow's lesson while you still feel like it." While we catechists were busy with our lessons Mother watched like a guardian angel, allowing nothing and nobody to disturb us.

As the two weeks slowly passed, more and more time for practices for Confession and Holy Communion was allowed on our programme. That was when I, a camera bug, discovered that Sister Hudon was an amateur photog-

Sister took pictures with ABC as guide.

Sister and I taken by a shaky photographer.

rapher. (The only difference between us — my pictures turned out well!) Sister took pictures with ABC as guide. A was action, B background, usually the church, C meant confrere — in this case, Sister Hudon.

The day for the children's first Confession finally came. Before noon one more practice was gone through and words of encouragement were freely bestowed on these timid little sinners. After confession the children settled into a pensive mood as they began to realize what a Big Day tomorrow would be.

That night Sister started to pack; she would be leaving after First Holy Communion and Confirmation the next morning. I offered to help Sister but the only help she allowed was my sitting on the suitcase as she closed it.

The Big Day dawned and Archbishop Pocock came to St. Catherine's Church to confirm the boys and girls. I'll admit I was jittery all through Mass until Sister Hudon stood as a signal to the First Communicants to go up to the altar. I also stood to coach the little boys on my side. As I watched them, their hands clasped in prayer, walking in single file to the altar rail, a lump rose in my throat. I blinked back the tears as I, too, approached to receive Holy Communion and to pray for my first pupils. God bless them all.

Note: The Sister Servants of Mary Immaculate, a religious institute of the Greek Catholic Rite, include a catechetical training course in the high school curriculum of Sacred Heart Academy, Yorkton, Saskatchewan. That this timely and apostolic work is bearing fruit is attested by the above account written by one of their recent graduates.

British Columbia

The Power of Prayer

Sister B. Anstett

One day when Reverend Father R. Cain, C.Ss.R. was driving Sister Eileen Dwyer and me to Salmo, one of the Nelson missions, he told us this story. In 1945, at one of the first Religious Vacation Schools in this district, the heat was intense and forest fires were raging in all directions. Father asked the summer-school pupils to make a special visit to the Blessed Sacrament daily, to plead with our Lord to protect their land and their timber. The children prayed fervently. The fires swept across the countryside but, miraculously it seemed, spared the timber stands of the families whose children had been to Religious Vacation School.

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTION TO A QUARREL

Our Lady of the Foothills

Sister A. McPhee

"We're going to Hinton." That was the excited greeting Sister Denis and I exchanged when she arrived in Edmonton from Peace River to join the summer band of "happy wanderers."

You may wonder — what is so special about Hinton? Well, first of all there are the mountains. Hinton, only fifteen miles from the Rockies, affords a splendid panoramic view of Canada's western sentinels. In addition, I had been there before and I knew there would be 130 smiling faces eagerly awaiting another summer school to learn more about Jesus. Besides, we had heard of the new church, reputed to be one of the most beautiful in Western Canada.

Sunday afternoon found us dashing off half-organized to catch the Hinton train. It was an hour and a half late! The delay was a blessing in disguise because it meant that we arrived just as the sun was setting over the Rockies.

That evening Father W. Malone, C.Ss.R. introduced us to the three zealous lay people who did so much to make the summer school a success. Mrs. Bleier was our gracious and motherly hostess; Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Cribb were our invaluable partners in teaching the senior classes.

In the morning the mountains, rosy with the glow of the rising sun, were a treat to behold. A short walk with Mrs. Bleier down the street, around the corner, and there, nestled in the foothills like a guardian angel hovering over the town of Hinton, was the new church, Our Lady of the Foothills. Graced with a burnished copper tower, the dark red wood and native quarried stone of the structure blend with the surroundings. On each side of the centre door large mosaic symbols depict the four Evangelists. Once inside our attention was immediately drawn to the altar accented in black marble against a multi-coloured stone background. At the side we were delighted to see a familiar sight — the shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

After Mass Sister Denis and I parted company, each going to her respective school. Sister Denis and Mrs. Scott taught in the Valley School near

Our Lady of the Foothills Church

the new Hinton mill. Mrs. Cribb and I travelled to the school on the hill about three miles distant. When we arrived at school we were both happy to find two grade-eight girls on hand to help with the pre-school children.

Among Sister Denis' rosy-faced cherubs at the Valley School there was a pugnacious seven-year-old named Michael. His husky frame resembled a miniature prize-fighter. One day after classes were dismissed Sister noticed that Michael was standing, toes turned in as usual, wrapped in youthful contemplation at the little classroom shrine of Our Lady. His pug-nosed face paused at each of the pictures surrounding the shrine until, finally, his gaze rested on Our Lady's statue. These devotions lasted but a few minutes. On his way out Michael stopped and resting his elbows on Sister's desk he croaked, "Ya know sumpin' Sister. I always goes 'n visits Mary on my way home."

Each evening Father Malone took us to visit some of the families. Well-known names in the Edmonton Religious Correspondence School now became persons and faces. These visits were beneficial to us and, we hope, to the families visited.

A most enjoyable week fittingly ended with the First Holy Communion of twenty-six children in Our Lady's new church.

On our way back to Edmonton, as the train circled past Hinton, we caught a glimpse of the tall copper tower. Instinctively we prayed, "Our Lady of the Foothills pray for these, your little ones."

JUST ABOUT THE TIME WE LEARN TO MAKE

S.O.S.-ogram

Montreal: Janos Dobrowitz and his family, the second family sponsored by the Nelson Diocese, arrived in Montreal on June 8th and three days later were greeted by the World Refugee Year committee of St. Anthony's parish in Trail, B.C. For Janos, his wife, their 11-year-old son Janos and five-year-old daughter Anika, it marked the end of a long journey that began during the turmoil of the immediate post-war era.

The Dobrowitz were guests of the staff of Catholic Immigrant Services a few hours after their ship, the S.S. Seven Seas, docked at Montreal. They were greeted by Sister Kelly of the Sisters of Service and Dr. Zelimir Stiegler, Catholic Immigrant Services' multi-lingual reception officer. After taking tea at the CIS/SIC offices, the Dobrowitz were guests of the Sisters of Service for dinner that same evening. A few hours later they were aboard a transcontinental train on the last leg of their journey to Trail.

C.I.S. Digest

Vilna: St. Paul's first Diocesan Eucharistic Congress was held in St. Paul on July 8, 9 and 10 in conjunction with the 50th anniversary of the founding of the town by the Oblate Fathers. All the Vilna sisters travelled the 35 miles to one or more of the services.

On Friday evening, July 8, about 15,000 were present in St. Laurent Park for the opening of the Congress and the Solemn Mass at which the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, His Excellency Archbishop Sebastiano Baggio, pontificated. The soft silence of the evening was broken only by the swelling voices of the entire assembly joining in the responses of the Mass.

On Saturday morning during a Nuptial Mass, five couples had their marriage blessed by the Apostolic Delegate. A Pontifical Mass in the Ruthenian Rite was celebrated by Most Reverend Neil Savaryn of Edmonton. On Sunday, Most Reverend Philippe Lussier, C.Ss.R., Bishop of St. Paul, ordained two young men of the Diocese to the holy priesthood.

On Sunday evening the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession through the town to the repository while the faithful sang hymns and recited the rosary. Then followed the blessing of the sick, acts of consecration and reparation to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, and Solemn Benediction. The central theme of the Congress was the sanctity of the Christian family through devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

The constant stream of penitents to the confessionals, the crowded altar rails at the Communion of every Mass as well as the reverential silence truly indicated that the pilgrims had gathered to participate fully in rendering homage, adoration and reparation to our Eucharistic King. It was an outstanding public manifestation of their faith in the Kingship of Christ.

St. John's, Nfld.: Some time ago you read, in Newfoundland Potpourri, about our little polio patient, Cecile Roulet. Cecile's mother never doubted that before March was over St. Joseph would cure her daughter. O, the power of a mother's prayer! Apart from a slight stiffness which, with continued therapy, should disappear completely, one would never know Cecile as the girl who had been so severely stricken. She and her mother flew home to St. Pierre on May 6th. They had been with us for about three weeks after Cecile's discharge from the hospital. But alas and alack, when Cecile returns for a check-up I have sad news for her. She left me her turtle to look after. I am a poor turtle nurse so the pet died. Ann St. Croix and Joan Lee performed the burial rites, in the dark of night, below our bedroom window. They even put up a little fence to mark the spot. Poor Cecile, poor turtle, poor me!

Sister Edna Deland

Cecile and her mother on their way home to St. Pierre.

Rycroft: From Rycroft Sister Corke wrote — "We had a delightful trip back West after the Chapter, we being Sister Sullivan and I. At Long Lac we got off the train for a walk. The conductor had told us we had 20 minutes. After 12 minutes a shout alerted us to the fact that the train was going. Without hurrying too much and without any loss of religious decorum we got on the front of the train and proceeded all the way back to our own car. As we passed through the various cars there were audible sighs of relief from passengers who thought we had been left behind, but, when we got to our own car, it was like a real homecoming. They were all so glad to see us aboard. They had thought us to be high and dry at Long Lac."

THERE IS NO CURE FOR LAZINESS, BUT A LARGE FAMILY HELPS

The $teady ubcriber

(Melody: The Old Oaken Bucket)

How dear to my heart i$ the $teady ubcriber,
Who pay$ in advance the Fir$t of each year;
Who end in hi$ money and doe$ it quite gladly,
And ca$t$ round the office a halo of cheer.
He never ay: "$top it, I cannot afford it."
Nor "I'm getting more paper$ now than I read."
But alway$: "$end it, the family like$ it;
In fact, we all find it the thing that we need."
How welcome hi$ letter when'er it come$ to u$;
How it make$ our heart throb, how it make$ our eye$ dance!
We outwardly thank him, we inwardly ble$$ him;
The $teady $ubscriber who pay$ in advance.

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